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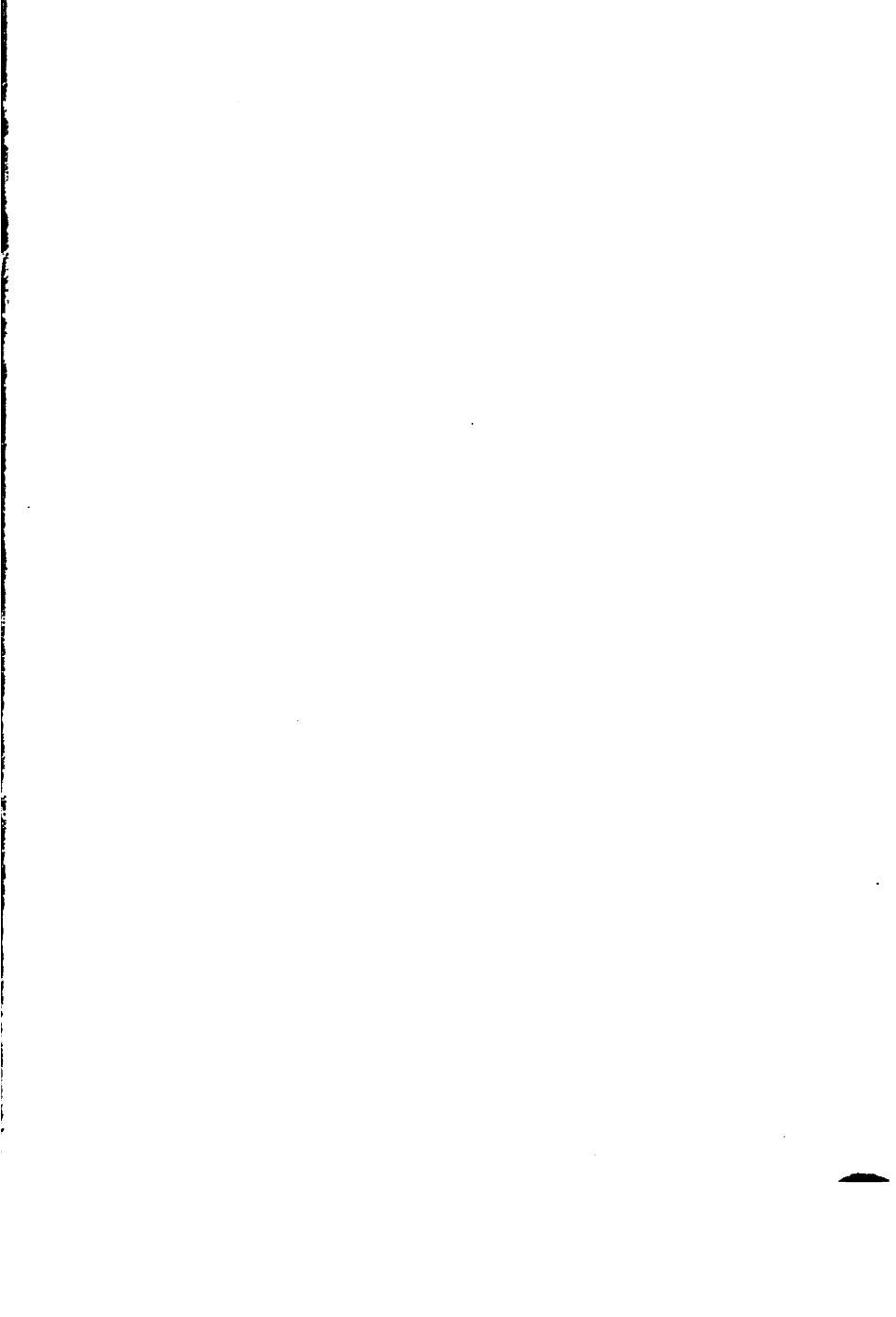


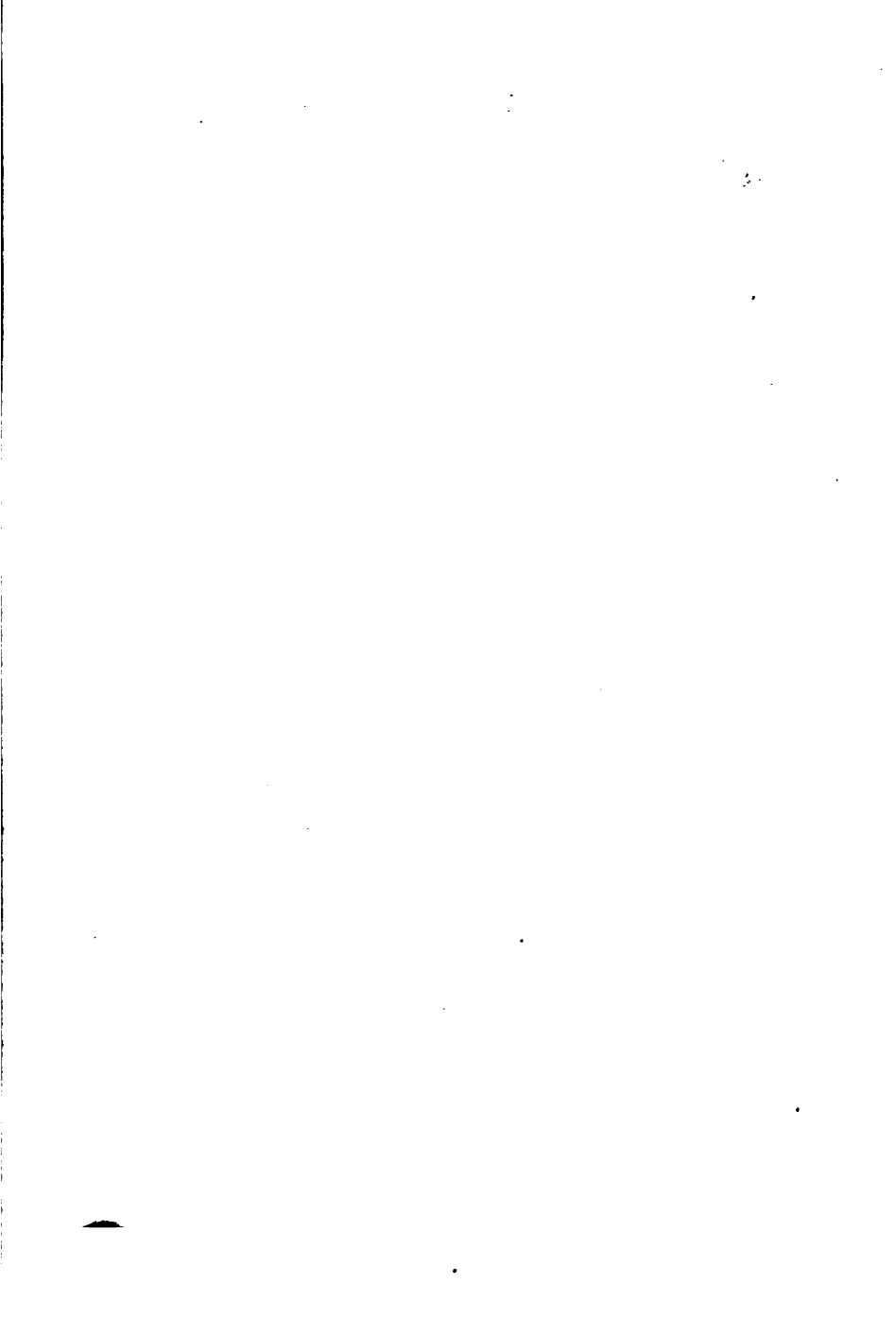
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THE BANNER WITH THE NEW DEVICE

HUMAN'S PLACE IN NATURE, IN
CIVILIZATION, AND IN
GOVERNMENT

BY
WILLIAM W. HECKS
AUTHOR OF "THE SUNDAY"

is the aberration of Nature. — *descriptive.*

husbands and understanding wives may be well said to
be, morally, and contrary to the order of Nature. — *and*
others

TUARY PUBLISHING COMPANY
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BOSTON

MASS.



From the collection of Dr. J. A. Shaw

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BY
WILLIAM W. HICKS
Author of "The Sanctuary"

Woman, — The aberration of Nature. — *Aristotle.*

Obeying husbands and commanding wives may be well said to live very unnaturally, and contrary to the order of Nature. — *Old Philosopher.*

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PRELUSIVE

“ The clouds,
Softly shaking on the dimpled pool *prelusive*
drops,
Let all their moisture flow.”

EVERYWOMAN

What must I do?

TRUTH

So many, many things in those full days
about to dawn.

EVERYWOMAN

But first?

TRUTH

The vision waits eternally.
You need not wish to front the sun — the
weights will drop when your soul wills to
see.
Then you shall understand your needs — and
man's.
Your race develops worth and joy, and peace,
as you develop body, mind and soul,
To their full, rich capacities.

EVERYWOMAN

But even if I see aright, how can I grow, thus bound?

TRUTH

You must demand of Life the space and means
Through which to grow. This once achieved,
with
Open mind, and wide, deep sympathies, you
needs
Must learn realities and laws — the Universal
laws.
The greatest task remains —
To live ideally from day to day, translating into
acts the best you know.

EVERYWOMAN

For centuries I've heard the echo of this call.
While I was barely yet awake, I heard the Children
Crying in the murk of barren rooms;
I hear both Men and Women muttering in despair.
You talk of visions — Where is food for such as
these?

TRUTH

I do not know — *You* have not told me.

EVERYWOMAN

I understand — you mean it is the human task
To bring surcease of woe: and I and mine
Must find the ways to lift humanity to health.
Ah! — Truth — I am not wise, I am not
learned, —

Help me to know myself:
I am awake. I seek the Truth of Life.

— *From Everywoman's Road, by Josephine
Hammond.*

“ It is the compassion of a woman for the son
of her womb,” *the potential Motherhood* in every
true woman's heart, which has been the great
softening influence, gradually through the ages
melting the hardness and selfishness of savage
humanity.

But what narrow bounds have been placed
by the claustration of woman on the exercise
of this divine power, aye, and of many another
power, to guide and heal and bless. — *Frances
Power Cobbe.*

Who knows but that, if woman acted her
part in governmental affairs, there might be
an entire change in the turmoil of political life.
. . . If woman's judgment were exercised, why
might she not aid in making the laws by which



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PART I

THE BANNER WITH THE NEW DEVICE

CHAPTER I

*“ A child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or,
for thy more sweet understanding, a woman.”*

HOME, SWEET “ As your oldest friend next to
HOME your mother, Miss Truly, I
welcome you home — to the
old plantation where you were born and to this
dear old mansion where your ancestors for a
century past lived and died. Brave men and
noble women have left their impress here, and
it is fragrant of true manhood and of that type
of womanhood which, I fear, is fast becoming
obsolete.

“ The new civilization is sweeping in new
ideas, new methods, and strange characters. I

call them new, but I sometimes think that they are the unrelated drift of chaos.

“Your old godfather hopes that, although educated in a section of our country whose types of manhood and womanhood, measured by our more perfect standard, are low and mercenary, you have escaped the contagion of the new Womanhood.”

“I hope your fears are groundless, dear godfather.”

“After my short visit to you at New York last winter I went to Boston, as you know, for the sole purpose of renewing fellowship with my old college chum, Reuben Winslow, whom I had not seen since we went our separate ways at the beginning of the struggle for the independence of the South; for I loved Reuben when we were students together, and shared and shared alike in our comforts and our cares, and true Southerner as I am, I felt that I could not close my eyes on this world without once more grasping the hand in a friendly reunion of one once so dearly esteemed; and — well, my dear, I will say our meeting was mutually gratifying.” Mr. Poe lost no dignity when he wiped the warm tears from his face.

“Godfather, please tell me about Reuben

Winslow, and — and about his lovely sister, of whom my mother has spoken to me so often with the deepest tenderness.”

“Of the beloved sister, Deborah Winslow, the most accomplished and beautiful woman I ever knew — except your own dear mother — I cannot trust myself to speak, but of Reuben I may say, a nobler young man never lived, nor a braver, although he entered the Yankee Army and helped to fasten the iron heel of despotism upon the fairest portion of our common heritage, and opened the floodgates of the blackest deluge that ever swept away the civilization of a great people.

“I do not feel all the bitterness now that rushed through my soul then, for I have settled down into a calm despair whose sincerity and weakness offer no inducements to human madness.

“Reuben Winslow reluctantly, I know, cast his lot with the subjugators of the South, for he, like our own peerless Lee, was gifted with a conscience, and loved his fellow-men.

“He became distinguished, rose to high command in the Federal Army, and was as noted for his humanity as for his bravery.

“His injustice toward the South, especially

toward its domestic institutions, was ever tempered with nobility and kindness.

“War, my dear, takes little account of justice and humanity in the deadly grapple, but Reuben Winslow, at the head of his legions, never prostituted his sword to deeds of villainy, and more than once prevented greater outrage planned by the political plotters, by threatening to sheath his good sword. . . .

“I never thought I could be drawn into such a current of reflections, but your coming home to the old land, and to comfort, as I hope, the few surviving members of your own family, who, while life lasts, can but lift their weary eyes to the silent harps, broken and stringless in the willows, and sacredly hide their grief for the cause that was lost. . . .

“And then, the vivid memory of other days with Reuben Winslow and — . . .

“The terrible war separated Reuben and me but did not sever the tie that binds us; he is yet my friend and I am his — each the other’s self.

“But a truce to all this,” and Mr. Poe tenderly kissing the cheek of the child he loved, begged to be excused for a few minutes, and sought a sedative in the open air under the stately trees.

The good man soon returned and expressed his willingness to continue his account of the visit to Boston.

“ I met a large number of prominent men and women, many of whom enhanced the pleasure of my visit, and Reuben carried me into the agreeable society of a number of professors at Harvard, and a few of the most noted ministers in Boston; but, in the main, I must say, that I came home disheartened and almost glad that my earthly time will have ended before the Deluge comes.

“ Callow philosophers and ‘ advanced women ’ seemed to have taken possession, and I heard little else than the new war-cry ushering in ‘ The Age of Woman,’ bearing banners with strange devices in the streets and shouting the war-whoop of ‘ Votes for women.’

“ The inwardness and outwardness of all this was offensive to me from the most charitable point of view; for it is an age of strife, of bitter contentions, of unworthy ambitions, in the very heart of which, up there, woman is seen and heard, the native born and some silly importations, at public political hustings, quite dis-crowned.”

“ I see, godfather Pœ, you are not in sym-

pathy with the 'Woman Emancipation Movement,' " quietly interposed Miss Truly Sutherland.

"Not in the least," was the dry reply.

"May I ask for more particular reasons than you have already given, godfather?"

"Indeed you may, Truly, but I fear they will not meet with your approbation if my impressions concerning some of the views you have imbibed are correct, against my fondest hope, my dear — my very fond hope."

"Perhaps I have 'imbibed' and do entertain what are sometimes called 'advanced ideas,' but if so, they are not like the laws of the Medes and Persians — unalterable, dear friend.

"Besides, I am sure of a full and exhaustive hearing from you before the judgment of condemnation falls from your lips, from you, my nearest relative and the best beloved after my precious mother. . . .

"But now, most loving and generous of godfathers, let me express in my own way, without interruption, mind, my thanks for all your generous care of me during my school-terms, and for your loving welcome home — home — home, — your home, Mamma's home, my home — our sweet old home."

The fond caress and the happy tears bathing the beautiful face of Miss Sutherland were too much for the stately Mr. Poe, and what was most natural transpired and needeth not to be described.

In the interest of a trustworthy history it must be recorded that the venerable, proud old Virginian, assured the hope of his family that she would have to change beyond all possible recognition and cease to honor every tradition of a brilliant ancestry before he would cease to cherish her in the core of his heart.

“In Boston,” resumed Mr. Poe, “I heard the ‘*New Woman*,’ characterized publicly, the most aggressive, highly cultured, and strenuous.

“I am not a stickler for appearances, but her dowdyish apparel and the dash of her manner did not tend to soften my prejudices. She occupied a platform, and addressed some hundreds of her sex, with a ‘baker’s dozen’ of the male-factors in the audience.

“These latter were effeminate looking fellows, in evening dress, with blank physiognomies and college-bred hair.”

“ ‘The New Man,’ Mr. Poe? ”

“ Possibly; but plastic-looking enough, if that is a proper characteristic; but the ‘New Woman’ was young, self-possessed, and — talkative.”

“ Had she thoughts, Mr. Poe? ”

“ Thoughts indeed! Tearing, fiery, explosive, and encased in bomb-like words, uttered with great vehemence.”

Mr. Poe paused as if to collect his thoughts, or call up his memory, while Miss Sutherland arose and curtsied most gracefully, and then resumed her chair in silence.

“ Among the torrent of words uttered by the ‘New Woman,’ I distinctly recall these:

“ ‘The idea that woman is an after-thought, a sort of appendage to man; that her sphere is within his; that the narrow limits of a cottage home bound her world; that her proper and highest ambition should be to bear his children most worshipfully, and be content with the joys of motherhood; — I say such ideas are false, degrading, and obsolete.’

“ I held my breath; a slight flush enriched the pallid countenances of the ‘baker’s dozen,’ and a murmur, half sigh, half cheer, escaped from the heaving bosoms of the rest.”

• Mr. Poe turned his eyes full upon the face of Miss Sutherland, as if inviting comment. Thought answered to thought, but Miss Truly made no audible response.

Mr. Poe continued: "Much was said, also, of the new opportunities for women to seize in the various departments of industry, and it was demanded that all doors to useful, productive, and profitable labor should be 'unhinged' to admit the advancing woman.

" 'There's a woman blacksmith working at her forge, in this city,' she exclaimed, 'and the ring of her hammer typifies and sounds the new note in the music of the future — the triumphant song of labor! ' "

Mr. Poe took several turns across the little reception room, and then, as if much relieved, sat down with becoming dignity.

Miss Sutherland's finely modulated voice broke the silence, after a few moments:

"In part, I think I can heartily approve your 'New Woman' lecturer, Mr. Poe. You know that the account of woman's becoming, in the Good Book, presents her as an appendage, — a divine afterthought.

"It would seem that Nature thinks the other way, since all men are born of woman. Nor is

her sphere to be circumscribed as within that of man. We women have learned to think, to feel, to know that our place is by the side of man; his equal in all essential things; and if you will pardon me the presumption, his superior in some. We have learned to know that if man's responsibilities are great, woman's are greater, if unlike in quality — made so by Nature; and our struggle or contention is not to share the too all-sufficient drudgery of labor for the things that perish, as many suppose, nor to take equal, or any part in the degrading attempts to subjugate others to our rule; nor to become merchant princesses, bankers, sordid millionaires, or plutocratic female despots — but to wipe away forever the disabilities and limitations entailed upon us by a false interpretation of God's will as revealed in Holy Scripture, or, if you like, the substitution of an Oriental legend as to us, for the Eternal Truth written by our Creator, in the incorruptible Book of Nature.

“In the legend woman is placed in the most humiliating and unjust position, and is made to bear *alone* the shame of humanity's degradation; but in the Holy Scripture of Nature, she is revealed and honored as standing proudly

erect; the pure, happy, divine mother of the manhood which should recognize and honor her as such.

“From a point of view not hard to discover, ‘the joys of motherhood’ are sadly mixed; and the legendary curse-cloud hovers over the scene of every mother’s Gethsemane, stretching its dark pall from the gates of forfeited Eden, and delivering its burden — ‘In sorrow shalt thou conceive and bear children.’

“I am not intimating that *all* mothers feel this pall, but the fact remains in its dead weight, and extorts the cry of fear from every newborn child. If one could conceive the effect of the utter obliteration of that curse from human belief, would not the birth celebrations of our race be something akin to that which the ‘heavenly host’ inaugurated at the advent of the divine Babe of Bethlehem?”

“Yet I must differ from your ‘New Woman’ as to many matters affirmed and intimated by her, and heartily join you in the hope that she is not a true type of the real woman of the future, as to them. I think that the divine gift of motherhood rightly realized is the glory of woman above all things, and brings her very

close to God; closer, I think, than we are able to conceive. The more I become self-conscious, the more I love and worship the sweet mother who bore me — my life within her life — and then introduced me to this most beautiful world, which is so marred by the might of wrong thinking, and wrong doing. I think I was longed for before I came; and I am proudest of this thought above all others, that the dear ones to whom I came hailed me as a gift direct from heaven.

“I do not believe in woman blacksmiths, nor in woman carpenters, nor in woman politicians, nor in woman men of any sort or degree. But I do believe in free, untrammelled, uncursed *womanhood*; the equal of man in all essential qualities, and his inferior in nothing that is good, natural and ennobling.

“I am a very proud woman, godfather Poe, and I refuse to believe that I inherit from the Creator of my body, and the Father of my spirit, the curse of sin, and not a blessing, as my one natural endowment.¹ I want to see

¹ By painting such pictures as that of a woman with “SIN” written on her forehead, in great, glaring letters, giving to death a globe entwined by a serpent, — men have elaborated in the faith of their imaginations, a melodramatic death, which Nature never made. — *W. R. Alger, in Future Life.*

my sex attain that standard of consciousness and self-realization in this world, when no tongue shall ever be guilty of designating her as 'only a woman!' "

It would hardly be exaggeration to say, that all the great truths relating to society and government have been first heard in the solemn protests of martyred patriotism, or the loud cries of crushed and starving labor. — Wendell Phillips.

THE BURNING "Are you a believer in and an
QUESTION advocate of political suffrage
for Woman?" asked Mr. Poe, a shadow of a frown passing over his serious face.

"Most heartily and conscientiously, and for reasons other than those generally ascribed to woman by many men, godfather.

"I have spoken rather flippantly of the undesirableness of woman politicians, but when I speak of Woman Suffrage I am thinking of a thousand things far removed from mere politics, yet doubtless related deep down.

"The American woman is not hysterical on this matter, nor ever likely to be; she knows it is coming to her. This knowledge is, indeed, intuitive, but also it springs from the leavening

spirit of righteousness informing and enriching the mind and heart of man.

“I cannot speak my thought here and now, godfather, but I have no deeper conviction (and it thrills me), than this: —

“The world will never realize a true civilization, a just government, nor a balanced democracy of state — a republic, — until woman, equally with man, under intellectual, property, and other responsible safeguards and qualifications, is fully enfranchised. I do not claim originality for this discovery, but *in me* it is original, and *for me* it is fundamental law and gospel.

“It is a most ancient doctrine of the inspired men and women of our race, and has been voiced in every age by the wisest men and women in every language.

“Sophocles, your favorite Greek poet, in that wonderful drama, *Antigone*, not by accident clothed a *woman's tongue* with speech — a model not reached in these days by our best orators, —

“‘The unwritten laws of God that know no change,

They are not of to-day nor yesterday,
But live forever, nor can man assign
When first they sprang to being.’

and struck a key-note which rings out musically to-day."

"True and grand indeed, Truly, but I fear your poetic fancy will part with the last semblance of reason if you mean to make words of Sophocles baluster and support the modern vagary of 'Votes for women,' for, he also said:

" 'What man soe'er, in troubles waxing wroth,
Will use a cure that's worse than the disease.' "

"I know my words seem too radical, and, perhaps, unwomanly to you; but you are a just man, Mr. Poe, and I am of your blood and lineage, and you will think deeply before uttering your final judgment.

"Your eyes rebuke me, O dearest and best of men! Have I your permission to babble on? "

"Yes and yes, — and again — *yes*. If you were the Boston blue-stocking instead of the pride of my ears and eyes and heart, Truly, I would say, your voice is that of the plausible Jacob, but your tongue has Esau's glove on it."

"I do not quite like the taste of your compliment, Mr. Poe, but now you shall hear me through, — shall I say for spite?

"Sir, there are wrongs, grievous wrongs —

in this country of ours, which will never be righted until woman wields the ballot and takes her proper and responsible place in government.

“ The curse of human society since history began is summed up in the denial of the natural rights of woman in civilization, in Government, in law, in church and state.

“ I speak of woman’s *natural* rights because to her first if not solely can that qualifying term be applied. Suffrage in our country for *man* is not considered a natural but an acquired right. What man acquires by virtue of age, and generally for no other reason, *jure humano*, is woman’s right *jure divino*. Our peerless Virginia is proudly spoken of as the ‘ Mother of Presidents,’ and our Southland will tower a monument in history as the ‘ Mother of Statesmen;’ but all this appears almost a case of simulation when we think of how small has ever been the allotted place of the real mothers of our people in the responsible affairs of state.

“ The new woman will not be thus excluded, nor will she, by virtue of enfranchisement as a citizen, deteriorate into the servile politician, nor lose from her diadem a single jewel of true Womanhood.

“Is the feminine in Nature a secondary thing? If so, Nature has succeeded wondrously well in secreting the law.

“Criminal superstition has made woman the ‘dependent’ upon man, and St. Paul is often given as inspired authority for the peculiar doctrine that ‘the head of the woman is the man, even as the head of every man is Christ.’ (Cor. xi. 3.)

“From a God-given ‘helpmate’ she was soon reduced to a ‘handmaiden,’ and as time fled a ‘creature’ — a female helot. Even under our present civilization a great dignitary of the Church proclaimed her ‘*a creature* — without reason.’

“In some sacred theologies, the coinage of man’s consecrated intellect, a soul is denied her except as a placating fiction, and ultimate heaven depends upon her abject attachment to a man who is her sovereign lord.

“You unsparingly denounce all such unnatural and degrading ordinations, but you cannot deny the facts nor will you seek by specious reasoning to minish the effect of such gradual disparity and degradation of woman — the motherhood of mankind, down all the ages to this day.”

“You do me and every Southern man, at least, but simple justice, dear Truly, for in no country, in no age, in no civilization, has woman been held in worshipful reverence and queenly estate as in these Southern States, since the world began.”

“Yet even *you*, my ideal Man, refuse to woman full and perfect equality! she is still only *next* to you and, although treated with a most beautiful and noble deference, it is with condescension as to an inferior.

“I am bold enough to say the same, only with a reserve that I do not feel toward you, of men generally — American men — in the North and West as well as in the South. A true American man is the ideal man, the gentleman the world over, and the true American woman is his equal.

“And yet, if I have read history aright, the Motherhood of our race — of all races — has had a desperate struggle to maintain itself in honor, only with wretched and indifferent success.

“There have been periods of suspension of aggravation and hostility, and you can arrive at a just estimate of every civilization of record — its worth, worthiness, and duration, by finding the place accorded woman in it.

“She is reaching her destined place at the sources and in the heart of human movements to-day in spite of some objectionable attendants upon her progress.

“I have taken great care to inform myself of the inception of the ‘Woman’s Movement’ within our century, and I have studied the lives of the noble women — and men — who faced every sort of opposition at the first, but whose heroism, wisdom, and confidence in the justness of the cause, faltered not; and, when dying as holy martyrs die, saw, as in a vision, the Sun of the Righteousness of the new age rising over the dark mountains of injustice and superstition and flooding with the light of Freedom and equality for woman, all the Gehennas in the world.

“Real progress settles at the average, and the condition, the estimate, the place accorded to my sex in the new true civilization now advancing, is the highest ever realized; but when her true economic, moral and spiritual altitude is reached, we shall have a race of men to meet the unreserved approval of Almighty God.

“From this point of view, I hope you will agree with me that this *is* ‘The Age of Woman,’ albeit in a small way. The Age is just dawning

for human betterments, because the true 'New Woman' is beginning to be reckoned with in a civilization which, in some respects, exceeds, in its refinement of injustice and cruelty to women and children every preceding civilization.

BLIGHT OF CHILDHOOD "Can you tell me why it is that the fathers of the children of to-day do not rebel against the curse of child labor everywhere?

"Can you wonder that humble, honest motherhood shrinks from the ordeal, when she knows that the child about to be born is already robbed of its birthright to innocent childhood, of its right to playtime, school, the lullaby of the mother, and the joys of home?

" 'The New Woman' is thinking of the degradation of millions of little children, from six to fifteen years of age, toiling for bread in the mines, in the shops, in the factories; she is thinking of the aching hearts of the poor mothers living in hovels, and witnessing day by day, without one ray of hope, the shrivelling of their offspring into deformity of mind and body, under the curse of this most Christian civilization!

“She is thinking, planning, and agitating, for the removal of this curse, and she knows that God is on her side.

“Victor Hugo said that Rousseau rendered to woman an admirable service, completing the mother by the nurse; placing near each other these two majesties of the cradle.

“Our American civilization robs childhood of both cradle and nurse; and consoles the mother with the reflection that American industry is a new species of cannibal, feeding upon hapless childhood; and her business is to propagate.

“Mr. Poe, you look astonished! and I do not wonder; for I have been drawn into speaking thoughts better kept to myself perhaps, thoughts which have been burning within me for a long time, and you will forgive my impulse, will not you? ”

“If I am astonished, — and I own as much, — Miss Truly, it is a proud surprise, at the force and simplicity of your words, and the depth of your thinking. I cannot oppose *your type* of woman.

“ Your idea of womanhood is mine also, if I may claim as much. .

“ If *you* are the type of the woman of the future — all hail!

“ But the thing that hurts me is to see women aspiring to enter upon those very pursuits which, I think, you condemn, and belittling those things which you have so justly exalted to their proper place.” . . .

“ I doubt if we shall agree at all points, Mr. Poe; but to have your approval, even in part, is to me a coveted blessing.

“ In your goodness of heart, and what I have heard you call your ‘ old-fashioned idea of woman ’ — the old Southern idea — you would place her above the use and need of occupation other than that of loving and inspiring your sex. The real ‘ New Woman,’ in my conception, will not fail in that; while she will, against your personal approval, I fear, seek out congenial occupation for her hands, as well as for her mind, and so contribute much, besides happy children, to the great world. Every avenue of industry suited to her more delicate and naturally, finer sensibilities, must open to her; but she will not seek to rival man upon the rougher and more exciting lines of material progress.

In short, she will aim to invest civilization with deeper and more permanent elements and factors than those which are begotten by the struggle for mere commercial and physical triumphs. Woman is or should realize that she is, in the order of Nature, the moral factor in the world.

“You will not misunderstand me; I do not mean to discount man’s moral nature — a nature which inheres in him from his mother, this side of God; — what I want to express is, that woman, in her true place in the world, must be the moral balance, the intuitive moral strong support, in the thought of man, and in the evolutions and events of time.

“That she may be all this, it seems to me that knowledge of every department of life and of industry should be part of her education. The laws and principles of, and the culture pertaining to, every branch of human work, as well as every zone of thought by which the world thrives, belong to the sphere and the understanding of woman. Not that she is to enter, or be driven into, many of these, as a material laborer, for the maintenance of physical life, but that she may be prepared to give to the world as a mother, a more capable off-

spring, a more efficient manhood, a naturally better qualified man.

“To achieve this, even in the smallest degree, implies that she shall, first of all, acquire a better knowledge of herself.

“Thus far, at least, since the dawn of historical records, woman has been the bond-slave of a wrong interpretation of sex and its divine laws. Doubtless, in *far ancient* times, she understood herself better, and held a nobler position in the universe; and the sex which made her the necessary mother of mankind was more sacredly esteemed; and her rights as such were recognized and regarded (in teaching, at least), if not of a higher order, as being on an equality with the natural instinctiveness of generation and motherhood in the lower expressions of life.

“In those days, if legend is worth anything, pre-natal education had a large place in the life of human motherhood.

“Pre-natal education of our race is the holy task set before the ‘New Woman’ motherhood to-day. Motherhood itself must neither be enforced by marital rights, nor the abject slave of unbridled and insane lust. I believe, with all my heart, godfather, what our holy Church teaches, — that marriage is honorable, holy,

and not to be entered upon unadvisedly — that is, without knowledge, and deep, reverential consideration, — but in the fear of God, — that is, with worshipful regard to the laws of Nature, which are God's decrees.

“I may never become a mother; and I am speaking with the tongue of that part of my nature which is the divine endowment, sacred and inviolable, of every woman: — the *sweet consciousness of capable motherhood.*”

Mr. Poe seemed dazed for a time, and gave to his young kinswoman a most searching look, charged with a gravity becoming his age and intelligence. The effect of Miss Truly's long utterance was visible in his face and manner; and she waited, almost breathless, to hear his voice. She had not long to wait.

“I am indeed an old-fashioned fellow, Truly, and reckon myself almost your oldest and earliest friend. I was your proud godfather at the altar, and, from your infancy, have watched over you with eyes of jealous care; and when you developed into budding womanhood, and, against my desire, was sent far away to be educated, within the limits of a civilization whose material aspects, at the least, I detest, I dreaded the possible, and became sour and unhappy in

the fear and dread of what I now know was the impossible."

"I understand you, dear old friend; you feared that, because of the reputation of my *Alma Mater*, and impinging associations, I would develop into that bugbear yclept the 'New Woman.' Is not it so, godfather Poe?"

"Your intuition is faultless, Truly, and I find, to my great joy, that my fears were, and are, groundless. My dear, if you will allow me, I will say that you make me extremely happy."

Mr. Poe, having thus delivered his mind, walked to the window, and began to survey with unusual penetration the azalia bushes that lined the drive from the high-road to the old plantation mansion.

**EXPLAN-
ATORY**

As I am not writing a romance, but presenting a study of woman's place in civilization and government, it is necessary only to set forth the relation existing between the elderly gentleman and the bright young maiden who thus far appear in these pages.

Mr. James Madison Poe was a Virginian gentleman of the old school; educated, proud,

and a bachelor for reasons which do not concern us; the possessor of a fine plantation in the Roanoke Valley, joining the Sutherland estate, the sole heir to which was Miss Truly Sutherland. Mrs. Sutherland, Truly's mother, was a favorite cousin of Mr. Poe, many years younger, and an invalid since the death of her husband, the Honorable Edward Sutherland, seven years previously to the coming home of Miss Truly from a noted educational institution for women in the state of New York.

The Honorable Edward Sutherland was for many years a judge upon the Bench, renowned for his legal learning; a man of spotless character, and universally honored and beloved.

Since Judge Sutherland's death, and owing to the helpless condition physically of Mrs. Amalie Sutherland, Mr. Poe had been entrusted with all the family affairs; managed the large estate for his kinswoman, and acted punctiliously as guardian of Miss Truly, although not so in the legal sense. Miss Truly Sutherland had just returned from school, bearing its most coveted honors for deportment and scholarship, and with the just reputation of being in the foremost rank of intellectual, progressive young women.

During her absence from home, which had covered a period of five years (not without visits during vacations), Mr. Poe spent a large portion of his time at the Sutherland mansion, so as to be of possible use to the invalid, and by his gentle presence and genial companionship, brightened the all too tedious time.

The frequent letters from Miss Truly, giving account of her studies, her observations upon many subjects, and especially her growing convictions, and advanced opinions of woman's place and sphere in the world, all of which, when not addressed to himself, Mr. Poe was permitted to know, had produced unfavorable impressions, and given him many a pang of fear that his favorite was being imbued with, to him, certain very erroneous ideas.

Miss Truly Sutherland was twenty-six years of age; healthy, studious, self-developed, without affectation, and consecrated to a great mission, for which she had sought qualifications in a medical college.

CHAPTER II

It is here, in the faculty of noble, disinterested, unselfish love, that lies the true gift and power of our womanhood, — the power which makes us, not the equals of men (I never care to claim such equality), but their equivalents, more than their equivalents in a moral sense. This is the Godlike thing in human nature, the divine breath of the higher life; and it is “in this sign,” the sign of self-sacrificing love, wherein we conquer. — Frances Power Cobbe.

THERAPEUTICS “DRAW the blinds now, Aunt
OF THOUGHT Charlotte, and ask Jonah to
bring in some wood for the
hearth which will not sputter so. There, I am
very comfortable, thank you; and you may
now call Miss Truly.”

“Yes’m, Miss Am’ly, I dun tol’ Jonah ’bout
dat ches’nt wood, how hit crak’l an’ spit an’
flop ’bout, laike de pullet wid her fust egg.
Mass’r Jeems Mad’s’n, he git mighty skeery

wid dat wood too; kase he dun say dat it in-t'fare 'pon de confab."

The invalid's chair, upon which she lay helpless, was rolled into the large parlor for the evening, where Mrs. Sutherland could hear and take part in the conversation between Mr. Poe and her daughter, and so find easement, if possible, of the almost constant neuropathy.

"Little mother, I am like a bird set free from its cage. I am too happy for words, for thought, for anything, except to hop about from room to room, and listen to the silent 'welcome home' of these dear walls within, and all the living things outside. And then to see you, dearest mother, although in your invalid's chair, actually in the parlor once more, and in my honor — oh, it is too much happiness for one person to hold! We are never to part more, mother dear, — never. How my heart used to ache to see your face! How I used to cry myself to sleep because I could not receive your good-night kiss!

"You are looking at Papa's portrait; we will reverence and worship together the best of fathers; and God knows how I love and thank Him for the best of mothers."

"His portrait! Yes, my child, let us look

together. How like him, how divinely like him! Ah me! the days of painful waiting will soon have an end, and then will begin our Eternal Summer!"

"Mother, I will open the piano and sing you a verse of your favorite hymn; and then, I want to tell you what is in my heart.

"You will see that I have not neglected the cultivation of my voice, even if my chief studies have been in a very different direction." Miss Truly ran her fingers softly over the keys, and then, in exquisite tones, sang:

"'Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my Sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering Presence restore;
Or take me to Thee, up on High,
Where winter and clouds are no more.'"

The happy invalid smiled through her tears, and after a brief silence said: "I used to murmur and wonder and question, but I do so no longer, for I know that the chastening rod is applied by the most loving Hand, — the Hand of Him who is 'slow to smite, and swift to spare.' I am content to linger here and suffer,

for as long as it pleaseth Him; and there are no longer dark clouds in my sky; and in moments like these even pain seems sweet. Your godfather Poe left me just before I was brought in, and I never saw *him* so happy; and I wanted to ask him the cause, for he has carried a troubled face for a long time."

"I think I might enlighten you, mother dear, in part, at least, but perhaps it will be better to have him do so."

"Patient, anxious and gentle has he always been, but to-day there is radiance in his face, and really, I think it is contagious, for it seems to pervade the whole house."

"Little mother, you are going to recover your health; you shall have many years yet of bodily comfort, free from pain in joint and tissue; and every nerve shall do its office, and every muscle obey.

"We will relegate this invalid's chair to the garret, to keep company with the dear old cradle, in which you used to rock me to sleep. Thought will do all this, mother mine; just thought; punctuated, intentful, *healing* thought.

"You will not have forgotten my letter, in which I gave you a long account of Professor Ransom's lectures on the 'Therapeutics of

Thought,' mother, I am sure. They opened up to me a new world, — a world of harmony, of health, of happiness, of supreme usefulness; and they showed me the path of recovery for my precious invalid mother; and here we are, dear, together, in the old home, and I am going to witness in you the perfect illustration of the power of Thought to heal."

"What *are* you saying, Truly, my love, and what *can* you mean? I have had the best medical advice in Virginia; and the almost daily attentions of Dr. Randolph, who is one of the greatest physicians in the world, for over a year; and nothing that science and skill can suggest has been left untried, to restore to me the use of these limbs, and quiet these rebellious nerves, yet without the slightest avail. My case is, I fear, beyond the help of man; and I have given up all hope of ever walking again in this world.

"I am not discontented nor unhappy, although a great sufferer, blessed as I am with such friends, and with such a daughter; and in a home so full of hallowed memories!"

"True, mother, all true. I quite agree with you in your estimate of the skill and ability of good Thistle Randolph, who, as a physician, is without a peer, I think, in technical knowledge

and skill in nervous disorders; and yet, he cannot give my mother a moment's release from pain, except by means of which he disapproves.

"Where the cause lies deeper than the probe of science can penetrate, and is more subtle than the finest organized matter, and beyond the reach of drug potency to remove, — *Thought* is the physician and the remedy. I do not undervalue Nature's simples in the art of healing, but *Thought*, charged with the very essence of life, is the restorer. *Thought* is the healer."

"My child, you speak like an oracle, and I wish, with all my heart, that I could share your enthusiasm for my recovery.

"I hope all you are saying and thinking is in conformity with the Divine Will, and not contrary to our holy faith. I sometimes fear, dear Truly, that my cousin, your godfather Poe, is quite right in his opinion that the world is running away after false gods."

"No fear, I hope, mother dear. At least, I have lost none of my reverence for religion and holy things; but I have learned to regard life as a holy thing, and its preservation, in healthy bodies, as the highest religious service. You know that St. Paul, in the Epistle, speaks of our bodies as the 'Temples of the Holy Ghost,'

and they should, therefore, be considered worthy and capable of that Divine Immanence."

A shining black face obtruded into the cheerful parlor, to announce the arrival of Mr. Poe and Dr. Thistle Randolph, and that they were waiting Mrs. Sutherland's pleasure, in the library.

"Mass'r This'l 'low he pow'ful hongry, Miss Am'ly, wid compl'ments to you and Miss Truly; but Mass'r Jeems Mad's'n nebba say not'in' 'cept to 'spress he pleasure dat you all in de parlor peart-like an' joyful, an' den he cut de pigin'wing, laike 'Rastus at a huskin' bee, befo' de wah."

"Give my compliments to the gentlemen, Aunt Charlotte; and how often must I remind you that Mr. Thistle Randolph is a doctor, and must be spoken of as such. Serve tea here as soon as Miss Truly and the gentlemen are ready."

"Yes'm, Miss Am'ly; but lor', Miss, how I 'gwine to call Mass'r This'l doctah? I dun nuss dat boy, I did, same as Miss Truly; an' pow'ful proud ob him I is; but I kain't call him no udda name dan Mass'r This'l nohow; 'fo' de Lawd. Doctah soun' laike de hoodoo in de famb'ly."

"I'm a 'hoodoo,' am I, Aunt Charlotte?"

exclaimed Dr. Randolph, who, with Miss Truly and Mr. Poe, had just entered the parlor from the hall unobserved. The dusky old matron vanished without a word, while the two friends presented their happy greetings to the smiling invalid.

“Mrs. Sutherland, what an unexpected pleasure to see you in the parlor!” exclaimed Dr. Randolph, as he caressed the delicate hand and touched it reverently with his lips. “Poe and I have agreed that this new departure must mark the beginning of your recovery, under Miss Truly’s loving care; supported by two willing, if supernumerary, assistants; and one of them a ‘hoodoo,’ at that.”

“I think it must be Truly who is the ‘hoodoo,’ Doctor, for she has already begun to prophesy, that by a new remedy, which she proposes to employ, I shall get about again on my own feet, free from pain, and with nerves of steel.”

“I think I can guess the remedy, Cousin Amalie, and I approve of it too; as I am sure Thistle will,” broke in Mr. Poe; “and so between us, under the inspiration of Miss Truly, you are likely to surprise us all, — which may Heaven grant.”

"I have but two hands, dear friends, and now I wish I had three; so that I might take each of you by the hand at the same moment, and wish you speedy success; but I will do better; I will pray to God that your devoted care of me may indeed continue to reconcile me to my lot, and that I may live to show you that I am not ungrateful."

The gossip of the neighborhood was soon disposed of, with the tea, and then Mrs. Sutherland declared that she was not too tired to enjoy a little conversation; and particularly desired to hear Dr. Randolph's opinion of Miss Truly's suggested treatment of disease.

"I have but broached it to my mother," Miss Truly said; "and, I fear, in a rather vague and unsatisfactory way. What I mean is, that Thought possesses curative powers, little as yet known, much more realized, — one's thought toward, and imparted to, another; and one's thought toward and within one-self."

"You mean the Metaphysical, or Mind theory of cure, as it is called, do you, Miss Truly?" slyly insinuated Dr. Randolph.

"I think not; at least, not as I understand that theory. I would not ignore other means

of a purely physical nature, nor even certain forms of medicine. But 'it is the thought that heals,' to quote Professor Ransom."

"What is thought?" gravely inquired Mr. Poe.

"Evil is wrought by *want* of thought, said Tom Hood, I think," responded Mrs. Sutherland; and looking earnestly into the face of Dr. Randolph, added, "It is your turn, Doctor; pray tell us what is thought?"

"My safest answer, perhaps, would be — I do not know. I have never had it in the crucible for analysis; and yet, it is the aggressive element in the world; the indefinable energy of the human mind."

"Is it substance?" asked Mr. Poe.

"You have me there," responded the doctor; "although science has made great strides in pursuit of that inquiry; and I would like to hear Miss Truly's opinion."

"I think thought must be substance, — very refined substance, — as is spirit," slowly answered Miss Truly; "for it takes on form and color; is dense or effervescent; weighty or trivial. It is, as the sunbeam, dancing on the rippling waves or the lightning bolt shattering the granite shaft. Its intensity and powers are

measured by the degree, the depth and height of individual self-consciousness; and therein may we find ground for the claim that thought can heal, that it is the prime element in true therapeutics.

“It shall be like the rays of the sun upon the soft, receptive earth; fructile, pleasant, composing; by influx imparting energy; charged with intelligent intent, calling forth latent life; or, like the uncontrolled electric bolt, shrivel, shatter, and destroy!

“Who shall measure the power of thought? There have lived souls in this world, whose thoughts have revolutionized it in their mortal time. Others, who lived thousands of years ago, whose very names are unknown, projected their thoughts into the Matrix of Time (as Nature buries crystals and precious gems in the rock), which are now breaking through hoary obstacles, and germinating in the mighty purposes and ambitions of men and women of to-day. They did not commit them to writing, but devoutly deposited them like seed, in the provident keeping of the ages, against the day of need.”

“You recall to me a saying of Carlyle,” interjected Dr. Randolph, “which gives added

interest to what you are expressing so well; like this, if my memory serves me: 'On hardest rock some footprint of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van.' "

"Yes, the thought of Carlyle fits in well, although it is on the material, rather than in the interior life, of the world; and the psychometer will readily decipher the 'traces' made by the 'footprint of the earliest van.'

"In one of Professor Ransom's lectures on Psychometry I remember a sentence which he quoted from an author, whose name escapes me now: 'The air is one vast library, on whose pages are forever written all that man has said, or woman whispered.'

"I think no one has ever succeeded in writing or speaking the fulness of his thought in his time. I am sure that I am not able to do so; and this is as it should be, else we would soon exhaust ourselves, and become as limited in our true life, as human speech itself.

"The greater life is without conceivable boundaries, and its unlimited powers and glory create and commission the omnipotencies of thought.

"Thoughts that men and women of forgotten

generations have projected into the Universal Life, that were too big for utterance in human speech, and too soon for immediate utility, are the revolutionizers when the time is ripe.

“Let us return to the starting point. Existence implies substance; thought exists; has existed; will exist. It is the integer and the preserver of the world. It is the real world itself.

“It creates atmosphere for the true life of humanity. It removes morbid conditions; makes congenial, and preserves normal, ones. It can banish pain, and increase by influx life in the wasting anemic; and is the sure analeptic to the weak in body and in mind.

“It can drive before it all unclean squatters of germs, microbes, fungoids, and atrophies; and install the pure spirit in every chamber of this human house ‘of many mansions,’—this body which is so ‘fearfully and wonderfully made.’

“Thought can do all these things. ‘I thought upon my ways, and turned my feet to Thy Testimonies,’ is the recorded experience of the Psalmist, in Holy Scripture.

“Thought will find the hidden turnstile in

every dismal swamp of human experience and guide the lost back to safety.

“We are what our thoughts make us.”

It is not too much to say, that the deeply interested company listened with almost reverence to the words of Miss Truly; and began to realize that the “New Woman,” as she stood before them, came with a mission, and rarely endowed with faith and other powers, for its accomplishment.

Mrs. Sutherland declared, that for the time, she had quite forgotten her pains; that her nerves had behaved beautifully, and that she was not feeling fatigued.

The gentlemen, after expressing good-night wishes to the invalid, re-entered the library for a long talk, over their “corn-cobs,” while Miss Truly and Aunt Charlotte conducted Mrs. Sutherland to her room for the night.

“You are not fatigued, little mother?”

“Not in the least, but much refreshed, my dear; very much refreshed by the good words spoken by you this night.

“Truly, my child, I am strangely comforted; kiss me good-night.”

Aunt Charlotte muttered, as she later returned to the parlor, to put out the lights, that "Miss Am'ly dun forgit de monst'us cricks in her back dis night, an' de moon at de full.

"Dat rabbit foot I dun wrop in de tick I specks is a-workin'.

"I mus' tole 'Rastus."

CHAPTER III

Materia Medica is an incongruous expression, it signifies "healing materials." A material is something composed of matter, and matter, if we are to make any distinction between matter and spirit, does not heal.

It is the spirit or living force that heals. Now, drugs are material, but the "modus operandi" of drugs has never been explained or understood. They have no modus operandi; the action manifest in the body is not the action of drugs. Matter of itself, does not move, does not act, does not think, is inert; it does not stop moving, except when made to stop by some agency not its own. Inertia is one of the properties of matter, and matter is the only thing in the universe that is inert.

All else is spirit or force. That matter, in its last analysis, is only a name applied to the lowest manifestation of spirit does not forbid the use of the term, matter. Matter may serve the purposes of spirit, but so long as matter has the property of inertia it cannot of itself act, operate, or heal.

SCIENCE MUST THEN ABANDON MATERIA

MEDICA, AND SUBSTITUTE THEREFOR IDEAS, THOUGHTS, LOGIC, PHILOSOPHY, MENTAL THERAPEUTICS. — *George Dutton, A. M., M. D.*

RABBIT'S FOOT KILLIKINICK, clean corn-cobs, and a book-fed library in the
PHILOSOPHY old-time Southern plantation mansion, are passing, along with the stately characters of a time that will come not again.

Men and women of to-day, even in the Southern States, have but faint conception, one may even say, none at all, of the social life of the better regulated plantation communities in ante-bellum days, the surviving constituents of which languished and disappeared with the plantation life itself, close-following the war. Rehabilitation in the true sense never sought reversion, but in hopeless silence perished from the earth.

Poverty, where once affluence abounded; humiliation and deprivation, where generous pride had opened wide the gates of hospitality; despair and dumb grief, never were seen in the human world before, clothed with such dignity, so nobly embodied, yet doddering toward oblivion. Here and there in all the States and

communities, for more than half the life of a generation, the old civilization continued to shed its flickering rays, and in the deepening gloom remnant reminders of a once mighty Israel might be seen.

Occasionally, friendly relations were established between the reminiscent old and the incongruous new; this of slow growth, rare, and always sad. The unaffected sunshine, the clouds ever dropping their fatness, the teeming motherly earth, the star-lit sky, — all ministered pathetically to the proud mourners over the "Lost Cause" whose thoughts were with the dead and the past; but also impregnated the new generation with the vital energies of a marvellous New Age — and with reversionary powers. There was a cause lost indeed, but there was also a potential era ushered in, its first morning glow bathed in the dark wake of the banished and the vanished.

The resurrection-body is not considered as being quite the old one restored, but rather its essentialness clothed upon fittingly and gloriously for higher, nobler, and better things.

The *old* and the *new* are with us now in Judge Sutherland's library. James Madison Poe at seventy-five years of age embodies the old;

Thistle Randolph at thirty-five, the new. These two are closer friends than blood relations, for mutual esteem and reverence must be reckoned among the indestructibles, and well based, as inseverable as cause and effect.

Of Dr. Randolph, a word or two:

Johns Hopkins University has sent forth few as brilliant scholars; no deeper thinker, and no truer man from its inspiring atmosphere than Thistle Randolph. After taking his degrees with honor, Dr. Randolph spent several years in the learned centres of the Old World, perfecting himself in his chosen profession, and was and is now, favorably known among his peers as a painstaking original investigator, free from the narrowness of Old-school bigotry, — a new Marion Sims.

Because his forefathers from earliest colonial times in Virginia had been prominent either as lawyers or statesmen (albeit born planters), a great political career was freely predicted, and enticingly held out for him, but without arousing even a momentary ambition.

“I am the first of my race,” he said, “to enter upon responsible life after the destruction of the civilization which my forefathers helped to create and for which they gave up their lives,

and I have no mind to assist in erecting a political tower of Babel over their graves. In the coming day, when Wisdom shall be justified of her children, and dethroned Justice is rehabilitated in the usurped Seats of the Mighty, I will be found, if living or if dead, her faithful liege."

If Dr. Randolph's studious ardor was greater in one direction than in another, it manifested itself in that department of Anthropology known as Neurology — a part of our nature as little really known perhaps, as

"The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
no traveller returns,"

which so puzzled the wits of Hamlet.

Between whiffs Mr. Poe proceeded to give a graphic account of his conversation with Miss Truly Sutherland, in which that young woman had expressed with boldness and rare intelligence her views of the "New Woman" and her business in the modern world. But the later conversation in the parlor was deep and fresh in Dr. Randolph's memory and fed an impatience and disquiet of mind which he could not conceal.

Suddenly, as if awaking out of a reverie, he tensely exclaimed:

"The practice of medicine needs regeneration, Poe, — regeneration is the word; and hereafter must proceed upon philosophical lines, from a philosophical basis — a *New* basis NOT Physical. Hitherto it has rested too much, if not exclusively, upon empirical foundations — with due deference."

"What do you mean by empirical, Thistle?"

"For short I might answer, — quackery; but I do not mean *that* except within limits where pretence rushes in roughshod when knowledge and thought approach with careful tread.

"The word 'empirical' was first applied by the Greeks and by physicians to themselves, who, wisely discarding *a priori* knowledge, rejected theory, and based their practice on experience, calling themselves Empirics.

"Since Galen's day the word has been generally applied to pretenders or 'quacks;' but the word has its proper place in philosophy and is handy to have by you when you dip into Locke, Hume, or Descartes."

"Why use the word in this mood of yours, Thistle, and against your own profession?"

"It is not all 'mood,' Poe, I have good reasons which I cannot fully unfold.

"In the Middle Ages this sort of 'Empiricism,' we are told, was monopolized by physicians and alchemists, and the law of entail seems to operate unspent, and so, not yet disenthralled, we come honestly by what we have and are, — 'quackery' and 'quacks.'"

"But you doctors are a *learned* lot, and *materia medica* is a science?"

"Ponderously so — yes. Mr. James Madison Poe, your faith is beautiful and does you credit even if it is *not* according to knowledge.

"The nomenclature of *materia medica* is a monument of etymology which a thousand years from to-day will be a greater puzzle and curio to the savants in that day and time than Cleopatra's Needle or the Riddle of the Pyramids are to the Egyptologists of our time, and will be as interesting as the Nippur Library.

"It is primitive, derivative, simple and compound; classic and cumulative — the nomenclature of *materia medica*, I mean."

"I don't quite follow you, Randolph, and I would like to know what all this fine array of words has to do with healing the sick?"

"Nothing much, dear sir; nothing at all.

It has, however, everything to do with disease in its multiform agony in men, women, and animals; little or nothing with its cause and cure.

"It is learning, pure and complex, I would like to say, *simple*; and he who masters and retains it in mind for daily use in his professional rounds is a fellow of rare and radiant memory and ought to be a successful practitioner."

"I think you are unfair if not unjust to your own profession, Dr. Thistle, but you interest me all the same, and you have my hearty sympathy in the work of regeneration which you propose."

"No, I am neither unfair nor unjust in what I have said. Personally I am proud of my profession. No class of men since the world began has done honester or more valuable work for human betterment than its physicians; I will not yield the palm even to the ministers of the Church. Nevertheless, we are in sore bondage to hoary superstitions and are ostensibly upholding as a science what we know to be no science at all. There is no such thing as the '*Science of Medicine*.' Chemistry is a science, and my profession has made itself wise

in its development, until the composition of nearly every cell and tissue and fluid of the human body is accurately known; but we have failed to apply this knowledge in the discovery and removal of causes of disease. In anatomy, in all its branches; in physiology, and in every other 'ology' pertaining to the study of the human species, we proceed rigidly by scientific methods; but when it comes to dealing with the numerous ills that flesh is heir to, we are clumsy experimenters — empirics.

"The common practice of my profession is, I am forced to admit, a stupendous staking upon chance.

"But a truce to all this.

"A true physician is as much chosen, and, in essentials, equipped, by the overruling Providence as is the minister to souls, and from the same divine source comes the investiture and the vocation.

"Poe, we have had a lesson from the lips of Miss Truly Sutherland this evening which, for its suggestiveness alone, is beyond estimate. She seems to have gleaned in fields unknown to our material science. Her confidence in the recuperating power of thought, inspired by what she calls the 'essence of life,' is the con-

tagion of a wise and healthy intuition, supported by a well developed corresponding intellect.

“Beyond organized matter, beyond brain-cells, and the gray motherhood of thought; beyond mind itself, she affirms spirit — soul, — the master as well as the occupant of the mortal body.

“I can repeat to you the words spoken in private to her mother, and which, after much persuasion, you will remember, she repeated to us, listen:

“Where the cause lies deeper than the probe of science can penetrate, and is more subtle than the finest organized matter, and beyond the reach of drug potency to remove, — Thought is the physician and the remedy.”

“We nod devoutly at much of this in our pews every Sunday with our faces toward the altar; but in life and action we say *non constat*, — it does not appear.

“Since you are so emphatic upon the worthlessness of a medical education, Thistle, I am more than surprised that you encouraged

cousin Amalie to consent and decree that Truly's education should include a thorough course in medicine and that she should take her degree from the highest source in the country as a Doctor of Medicine as well as in Literature and Science and Philosophy.

“What have you now to say?”

“Nothing, Poe, just nothing. And in playing dumb I would have you know that, to see Miss Truly home again qualified to instruct the wisest of us in the secrets of nature and in the divine art of healing disease with the wisdom of Aristotle and the gentle womanliness of her own noble mother, reflects upon me imperishable honor, upon womanhood its ancient glory, and restores to my profession its lost prestige.”

Mr. Poe, rising with evident excitement and with one hand waving his empty corn-cob, extended the other toward astonished Dr. Randolph, and said:

“Take my hand, Thistle, and hold it firmly while I tell you, in the name of the long line of noble ancestors on her father's side and *facile princeps* on my cousin Amalie's, Truly Sutherland shows genuine Poe blood and breeding, nerve and genius, sir, and all Virginny knows what they are!

“Over a hundred years ago, Hannah Lee, General Dick Lee’s proud sister (and Truly Sutherland is the very image of her), boldly demanded that no woman in Virginia should be taxed unless she had the right to vote. What say you to that, sir; I ask you, what do you say to that?”

“Nothing, dear, proud, old friend — with the same dumb explanations.”

Mr. Poe sat down jauntily and began to hum “Old Virginny never tire,” beating time with his corn-cob. They drank the wine of reminiscence together, humming the old song.

Mentally holding the thread of their conversation, Dr. Randolph presently said:

“I quite agree with you, Poe, and am proud of the fact that in the veins of the Randolphs some of the same blood may easily be found;” and then, as if suddenly coming to himself,

“Come, let us season our vanity with another pipe; push the jar this way, please? Thank you, Poe.”

There is genuine fellowship in silence; and for as long as it takes you to make incense of a thimbleful of tobacco, these two aristo-

cratic remnants complacently regarded each other in silence.

Taking from a shelf a plain-looking book and opening it as if by accident, Dr. Randolph read aloud:

“When remedies have been introduced into use, their application has been based, not upon a philosophical view of their relations to the human constitution as determined by actual experience, but mainly, upon the empirical fact, that certain remedies have been used with a certain degree of success, in certain cases.

“So much of our science of *Materia Medica* rests upon this empirical foundation, that the whole Medical Art presents a very repulsive appearance to minds which demand philosophical perspicuity and rational explanation.

“Medicine is often denounced as a chaos, or a medley of empirical observations, even to a much greater extent than is just. Much has been done, from time to time, in ascertaining the relations of drugs to the human constitution, and removing this reproach. The followers of the Homeopathic system have been pre-eminently industrious in their explorations of the *Materia Medica* and have made extensive contributions to its philosophy; but their investigations have been too much controlled by a reference to a single principle, or Therapeutic Law, and have been far less profitable and satis-

factory than they would have been, had they been assisted in their progress by a system of Neurology capable of developing the fundamental principles of correlations and sympathy between the various organs. A course of experiments elucidated by Neurology, and taking a comprehensive view of the relations between man and medicine, will furnish all we need to render medicine a philosophical system.”¹

“From what rusty old tome are you reading, Dr. Thistle?”

“From the unappreciated work of a heretic, sir; — one who, while his researches and experiments astonished and confounded the profession, found the citadel of Empiricism was too ably and fanatically defended for him to hope to make the slightest breach — in his lifetime.

“Among his discoveries was this: — ‘Each power of the soul is represented by a special organ in the brain. Each organ in the brain has a corresponding region in the body. The soul, the brain, and the body, are a triune correspondence.’

“He also discovered and named the science of Psychometry, and confounded all opposition by his lucid reasoning and the simplicity and perfection of his experiments.

¹ Buchanan's *Anthropology*.

“To the learned faculties of medical colleges and to the dogmatic chiefs of the Tribe of Hippocrates, Dr. Buchanan was *persona non grata*; and his valuable discoveries were subjected to all the derision that sanctimonious ignorance and pedantry could make faces at.

“To-day, under many names, these same doctrines and methods, which the genius and learning of Buchanan gave to the world, are deeply studied, reverently extolled, and widely practised.

“This great and good man died a few years ago in San Jose, California, at a ripe age — and ‘his works do follow him.’

“The South especially may take pride in the career of Buchanan and will, some day, rear a monument to his memory in his beloved Southland.

“The most cherished episode of my student life is, that one day I was honored by an introduction to Joseph Rodes Buchanan; and further honored by several hours (to me) of most valuable conversation.

“That conversation decided my future; faced me to my true vocation; and unfolded its attractions, as well as its difficulties.”

“Thistle, my boy, why don’t you cure poor cousin Amalie?”

“Why don’t I comprehend the mysterious force which commands the sympathetic nerves of the human system; or how the human will is related to and acts upon the voluntary nerves?”

“Why don’t I explain the mystery of pathogenic germs, or the generation and distribution of colors in the wild flowers; or give a reasonable definition of thought? Because I cannot. I would give —”

“Come in. Well, ’Rastus, what is it?”

“De ole man maik er devo’ to you all, Mass’r Jeems Mad’s’n, an’ Mass’r Thist’l; an’ Miss Truly dun say to fotch de decanter an’ de glasses wid de old madery ’long ’er her compl’munts; an’ Charlotte hab de rooms ready, wen you want um; kase Miss Am’ly ’specs you all to spen’ de night, fer brekfust in de mownin’.”

“Did your young mistress say that we might have the pleasure of seeing her again to-night?”

“No, Mass’r Jeems Mad’s’n; she am writin’ in her bodewah; an’ she look laike de angel ob de cov’nunt, Mass’r Thist’l, an’ jest say good nite to ole ’Rastus.”

The old servitor poured out the ruby wine,

and passed it to the gentlemen; and then, hesitated to retire, as though desiring to make further speech.

“ Out with it, ‘Rastus,’ ” said Dr. Randolph.

Thus encouraged, the old ex-slave bowed his head with reverence, and cleared his throat, for serious utterance.

“ Mass’r Thist’l, de rabbit foot am wukin’ de powful’st spell wid Miss Am’ly, shore. Bress de Lawd, suh, Charlotte dun wrop hit in de tick, befo’ Miss Truly cum home; an’ lo an’ behole, she spen’ de ebenin’ wid you all in de parlor, fer de fustest time, Mass’r Thist’l; yes indeedy, Mass’r Jeems Mad’s’n, de rabbit foot dun wuk de perfec’ chaum. Goodnite, Mass’r Jeems Mad’s’n; goodnite, Mass’r Thist’l, de rabbit foot, de rab— ” and the happy old man bowed himself out.

“ There! what did I tell you, Poe? ”

“ I don’t remember your telling me anything about the rabbit’s foot, Thistle, eh? ”

“ N-o, — I — reckon — not; but the un-philosophical errantry of the noble profession of medicine can show no potency so powerful and all-healing as the rabbit’s foot.”

“ Nonsense, Thistle.”

“ Laugh if you will, ‘Jeems Mad’s’n,’ as

'Rastus would say; but I am in earnest. When it is not rabbit's foot, it is powder of frogs; the burial of a live rooster; drinking water used for the sacrament of baptism; or waiting at the brink of some holy well, for the blessed 'angel' to 'trouble' the waters, before plunging in; or worshipping some holy relic. All these things have been done, in all ages, and in all countries; and the rheumatic, the epileptic, the paralyzed, and the nervous wreck (even the paretic), have gone their ways rejoicing.

"You will say it is all superstition, or some hypnotic charm cast upon the sufferers, by some wizard of Nature. Very well; the facts remain, and create a halo about the Rabbit's foot philosophy."

"Well, I would give my plantation to see Amalie Sutherland walking; and if you have such confidence in the Rabbit's foot philosophy, let us try some of its uncanny potencies; but, also, my dear boy, let us extend our faith toward the 'Power of Thought,' and join hands with Truly, until we witness the miracle for which we all devoutly pray."

"Amen, Poe, and Amen! For there is more than hope springing up in that path. Wait a minute." Dr. Randolph, after some search,

found a book, — written in French, — and turning over the leaves, found the desired place, and translated into English, this paragraph from Gratiolet's "Lectures on Expression: "

“ ‘ It results from all the facts which I have recalled, that the senses, the imagination, even thought itself, elevated, and abstract, as they are supposed to be, *cannot be exercised without awakening a correlative feeling, which translates itself immediately, sympathetically, or meta-physically in all the spheres of the exterior organs; which express all, according to their own mode of action, as if each had been directly affected.* ’ ” ¹

Clinking their tiny glasses, these two friends clasped hands, and drank, almost devoutly, “ To the recovery of Amalie, — God bless her,” and then parted for the night.

¹ Gratiolet, in *De la Physiognomie et des Mouvemens à Expression*. 1865.

CHAPTER IV

“ If souls be substances corporeal,
Be they as big just as the body is?
Or, shoot they out to the height o’ ethereal?
Doth it not seem the impression of the seal
Can be no larger than the wax?
*The soul with that vast latitude must move,
Which measures the objects that it doth descry.*
So must it be upstretched unto the sky,
And rub against the stars.”

SELF-COM- MUNION

WHILE the gentlemen were enjoying their killikinick, seasoned with conversation, part of which we know, in the library, Miss Truly Sutherland, in her own secluded apartment, communed deeply with herself; confiding to the pages of her daily journal many of her meditations. Let us read:

“ I dreaded, just a little, my first interview with my godfather Poe, knowing his prejudices upon many subjects, but especially in regard to the sphere and proper mission of woman.

“He is almost pessimistic as to the future of our country, and the new civilization taking root; but he is not alone in this.

“How delightfully it all ended; only I did not venture far afield. One can be offensively positive; dogmatism should be sweetened by philosophy, even when one knows that one knows.

“I wonder who first said that ‘dogmatism’ was ‘puppyism,’ arrived at maturity; it is both witty and wise, and I think, applies to peculiar men of science and of theology; for we are generally dogmatic over unsolvable problems.

“The less we know of a given matter, the more we dogmatize and assume. I must avoid this easy way. I am glad that I can appreciate and love the characters of the great men of science, without adopting their vagaries; and honor them with every breath for their tireless devotion, and intrepid courage, in wresting from Nature her deep secrets.

“One day, Professor Ransom placed in my hand a much faded envelope, containing a letter, and asked for my impressions from the contact, psychometrically. I shall never forget those impressions.

“The letter was written in the French lan-

guage. Immediately I was filled and thrilled, and mellowed, with an overwhelming sense of loving-kindness. It was like the breath and balm of a thousand flowers, permeating my being. It also gave me wings to mount upward into the most glorious sunshine, — up to the very tops of mighty Alps, where the atmosphere was almost too pure to breathe; and yet, I seemed to absorb it through all the pores of my body.

“I thought of the story of the Transfiguration of Christ, on the Holy Mount; and, like Peter, I was ready to suggest tabernacles for permanent abiding-places for this great presence, — and for little me. Then I became emotional, and could not refrain from tears; and, womanlike, made a goose of myself, by rapturously pressing the unknown autograph to my lips, — only a real goose could not do such a thing.

“It was a letter written by the great author of ‘*Kosmos*,’ Von Humboldt, — the closest confidant of Nature, of our age.

“I have since learned that my impressions, thus obtained, were true interpreters and tokens of the character of that marvellous man. By this same method, I am sure, one can come into

true relations with conditions, character, personalities, and things.

“The law of contact — I would call it such — is the doorkeeper of Nature; and that law is not something to be reasoned out at all, but is an integrant of intuition.

“Autographs of other great scientists give me characteristic, but far different, impressions.

“Thistle Randolph is nobility itself, but is passing under the rod of minute self-investigation. His innate religious conceptions are having a hard fight against what he has been considering materialistic convictions, the dicta of physical science, — a contest between intuition and reason. I felt it keenly this evening, and my deepest sympathy is with his intuition, which will, I am confident, lead him out of the miasmatic jungle.

“Women, I am glad to feel, are not peccable to so-called scientific dogmatics; and to this fact is due the preservation in the Universe of the wholesome doctrine of the Immanent God ‘above all, through all, and in you all,’ a very different thing from the materialist’s negation, or the hylotheist’s affirmation.

“To me, it seems a tiresome and vain chimera to spend a lifetime in exploring and analyzing matter, for sources of mind; or to chance upon soul-substance in molecular dust, or to stumble into the discovery that conscience is but a ‘function of organization;’ but then, to progress unto perfection, I suppose one must needs submit to being inoculated by these mental bacilli; even if, for a time, the thought of God is obscured or banished outright.

“Self-development is the cure. All things take on a different attitude when seen in the light of self-knowledge. Self-development is, therefore, the first great duty and privilege, and prepares one for the right discharge of duty towards others; and must be the most unselfish and generous thing. This is my one ambition, — to know myself, and in this knowledge find both will and power to benefit others; especially, to assist my Mother to perfect health.

“I feel called to this work, and have tried to qualify myself for it. I intend to succeed; I have faith; the faith that removes mountains. This sounds like vanity; but I know it is not vanity, but true faith; and love inspires and informs it. I shall use all available means,

with prayer and labor. *Ora et labora* is a good banner to fight under; it shall be mine.

“ ‘Pray with one hand, work with t’other;
God will bless them both together.’ ”

“ *I must create conditions*; first in myself, and then throughout this dear old home, in which I was born, and where all I have most loved have lived and died. ‘Renovate your atmosphere,’ was a frequent saying of Professor Ransom; and I must not forget that. That is the mission of thought. I must project my thought, — loving, harmonizing, purifying thought.

“There is a philosophy that teaches the doctrine of a pre-established harmony; meaning that before mind and body were united, God had ordained harmony between them; — a kind of happy predestination of eventual man, at his best; but whether this be true or not, it *is* true that we can, by thought, bring about and establish most inspiring and harmonizing conditions; so that dumb tongues shall sing, and the lame leap for joy; and the very deserts of life bear pearl-studded lotuses.

“It is delightful to be able to recall nearly all of Professor Ransom’s terse sayings. I will

let these walls hear some of his words; and I will impregnate the very life of the house with the grand spirit of his philosophy. Like health, it is truly contagious.

“Here are my notes of one of his lectures; listen, ye walls, — and all ye Invisibles: — ‘Every true man thinks for his true time. Every true woman, by her very purpose, in the *act of breathing*, should create and stimulate healthy conditions in her household.

“‘To definitely purpose with a clean, unselfish mind, is to more than half overcome whatever obstructions exist in one’s way; and inspires to harmonious action moral forces too subtle to name.

“‘The whole strength of one’s character should function the thought; should illuminate it; direct and inform it; should invest it with Omnipotent Good. The thoughts that you think, and cannot express in words, may, if well directed, express themselves in the lives of others, — especially, the objects of your love and care.

“‘If you cannot limit the power, neither can you the mission, of thought. In this sense, you are always living — and everywhere. This is your real life, and your real work. Therefore,

think loftily; think with definite purpose; think with all the energy of good will; think into space, into all the world to make it better, wiser, purer, and healthier. The thoughts you are now thinking may increase the light that inspires hope in all the souls in the Universe.'”

“ *What do I really know of myself?* ‘Know thyself *by* thyself,’ said the ancient Hindu philosopher, long before Pythagoras gave to his students his great dictate. So, then, the key to self-knowledge is self. To study one’s self is to carry the search-light of the spirit into the cellars and garrets of one’s being, — self-penetration, — introspection.

“ It is a brave task, to be fearlessly and honestly performed. I must be brave and honest. I know that I live; that I am life; that I am a human being of impulses and emotions; of faculties and appetites; capable also of realizing pleasure, both in my body, and in my mind. I have no knowledge of when or how I began. I cannot think of my beginning; to have begun at all, is to me unthinkable; but this I surely know: The source of me is Goodness itself, — unmixed goodness. I worship that Source, and love that Source, — and call it God; and in

doing so, I am conscious of an infolding Presence, greater and sweeter than all my thoughts. I read a good book once, entitled, 'Our Heredity from God.' I do not remember much of it now; but it established in my mind the idea of an unbroken and indestructible life-line (my life), issuing from God, inseparable from Him, — the infinite Good.

"I am sure of this relationship now, without being able to explain it all; and to feel yourself next of kin, in this way, to the Infinite Good God, makes living a constant joy, — and more.

"I know that I am a progressive, — a growing being, physically and intellectually. I am a creature of boundless hopes, of unspeakable experiences; and I sense within me a capability for which I cannot find a name. I can be educated; I can feel within myself the fading out of limits; and I find, in this introspection, a mental and moral freedom, different from that which I recognize through the physical senses of my body; and all this is proof to me that my true self — the spiritual me — is indeed a free citizen of a boundless Universe; sinless, eternal; and I think I am experiencing immortality, in

this consciousness. I hear the voices of poetical thoughts; and now, these words:

“ ‘So, thou hast immortality in mind?
Hast grounds that will not let thee doubt it?
The strongest grounds *herein* I find;
That we could never do without it.’ ”

“ Mr. Poet, sweet, my friend, may I amend your last line? Then I would say:

“ ‘The strongest grounds *herein* I find,’
That I have never been without it. ”

“ I can exercise my mind, and learn what Art and Science and Literature can teach; and so fellowship with the best of my race, within limits; and I can absorb, from the Spiritual world, the richest lessons of all; and, like the Apostle Paul, when he was ‘caught up into’ a Range of Heaven, fellowship with more exalted souls, graduated from the University of this physical life, — and with things ineffable.

“ I am a social being; I know that I am responsibly related to all other beings, — especially the teeming masses of humanity.

“ The inhabitants of the earth, in every zone and part; of every complexion and condition, are my brothers and sisters.

“If they are wiser and happier than I am, they equal me up if I am truly self-conscious; and I am indebted to them for much that I lack, as yet, in myself; if I am wiser, better in condition, and stronger and freer than they, it is my duty, and should be my pleasure, to get under their burdens, and divide my all with them. I cannot relegate this obligation to some one else; one can no more fulfil the law of brotherhood by proxy, than he can ‘work out his own salvation’ by proxy. Sometimes I feel that I am vitally related also to everything that hath life. There are rare moments in my consciousness, when the Unity of Life is apparent to me. These are my best moments, I think. I seem to occupy more of my body in this phase of my consciousness, than at any other time. Beasts and birds, fruits and flowers, insects and reptiles; little scintillants of the air, and the *ichthus* of the seas, draw kindly near; unashamed of kinship with one another; neither envious of me.

“I know that I am a spiritual being, — a spirit; I do not mean to dogmatize, when I affirm so positively. Because I am a spirit, I live my essential life independently, — I mean,

apart from all I see and sense with my bodily senses; while also, occupying my body, as a grateful, happy tenant. This is my greatest realization.

“I sometimes seem to have the power to perceive, to think, to do, and to enjoy, without the aid or co-operation of the faculties of my mind; or of my bodily senses. ‘The soul is the perceiver,’ is an aphorism of ancient philosophy, — and appears plain to me.

“Knowledge, especially of myself, comes to me as from some unfathomable and unrealized depth within; then, as if contingent upon this, I seem to absorb, from without, equally acceptable truth relating to me, from the passing world. Philosophers call this intuition, I think; and I will so name it. It is a grand word, anyway, and easier to pronounce than to comprehend what it tokens.

“It comes from *intueor*, — I behold. Things appear. They stand forth, without effort on my part; I simply see, — perceive.

“The soul is the knower; I simply know.

“This soul method of seeing and knowing, has a peculiar charm for me, as a woman; because it confirms and establishes me in the way I have always dropped to good conclusions.

Sometimes I try to force myself in a given direction by reason; and the process is hard labor, and tires me unspeakably. I become feverish and incapable. Then, if I turn away and accept the intuitive suggestion, I am instantly relieved and inspired; and my path grows bright and plain.

“Philosophers have called Intuition one of the primary principles, ‘given by Nature as the first inlets of all knowledge.’¹

“I wish the learned Bampton Lecturer had said that God made Intuition the prime function of the soul; for so I think I find it.

“‘Intuition is divine tuition,’ said Professor Ransom.

“After all, I surely know very little of myself, — whence I am; what I am, and whither bound; but it is my happy ambition to find out. *Introspection, and following the Thought*, will point the way, and guide me. Doubtless, the brain is the seat of life, and the Psychic faculties are located therein; but life is not in the substance of the brain, nor is the force, — the intelligent force, which we call Psychic. The organs of the brain, and all its faculties, should

¹ Edward Tatham, in *The Chart and Scale of Truth*.

be subservient to the soul. I am, therefore, greater than my brain.

“I will possess my brain, study its organs, seek wisely to exercise its faculties through the nervous system, in every part of my body; to accomplish what is good, what is expedient, and what is answerable for the highest development of body and mind; and so reflect back upon myself acceptable and compensating results.

“Upon this adventure, I am sure I may confidently ask divine approval and aid.”

Before retiring for the night, Miss Truly glided noiselessly into her mother's room, to sense her condition, and minister to her needs. The night lamp was turned low, behind a screen, and all was still, save the regular breathing of the invalid, who was sleeping calmly. With an intensity, born of love, this devoted daughter breathed a blessing upon her mother, and then retired as quietly as she had entered; with a glad heart, and a radiant face; whispering, as she went: — “He giveth His beloved sleep.”

At her own bedroom door, Miss Truly met Aunt Charlotte, who could not go to bed before seeing her young mistress, and conveying to her the secret of the rabbit's foot; and the

wondrous charm it was evidently working for the invalid mother.

Miss Truly did not try to undeceive her old nurse; but thanked her for all the devotion she had shown, and bade her hope and pray that the long-suffering mother might soon resume her place as head of the household, as in the old days, in perfect health.

“Lor’, yes’m, Miss Truly, hone, dem days wuz pertik’ler good days, wen Mass’r Ed’ert an’ Miss Am’ly wuz togedder, laike de tree wid de dubble heart, beatin’ laike one.”

From the humble cottage occupied by ‘Rastus and Charlotte, you may believe that the evening prayer was even more fervent than usual.

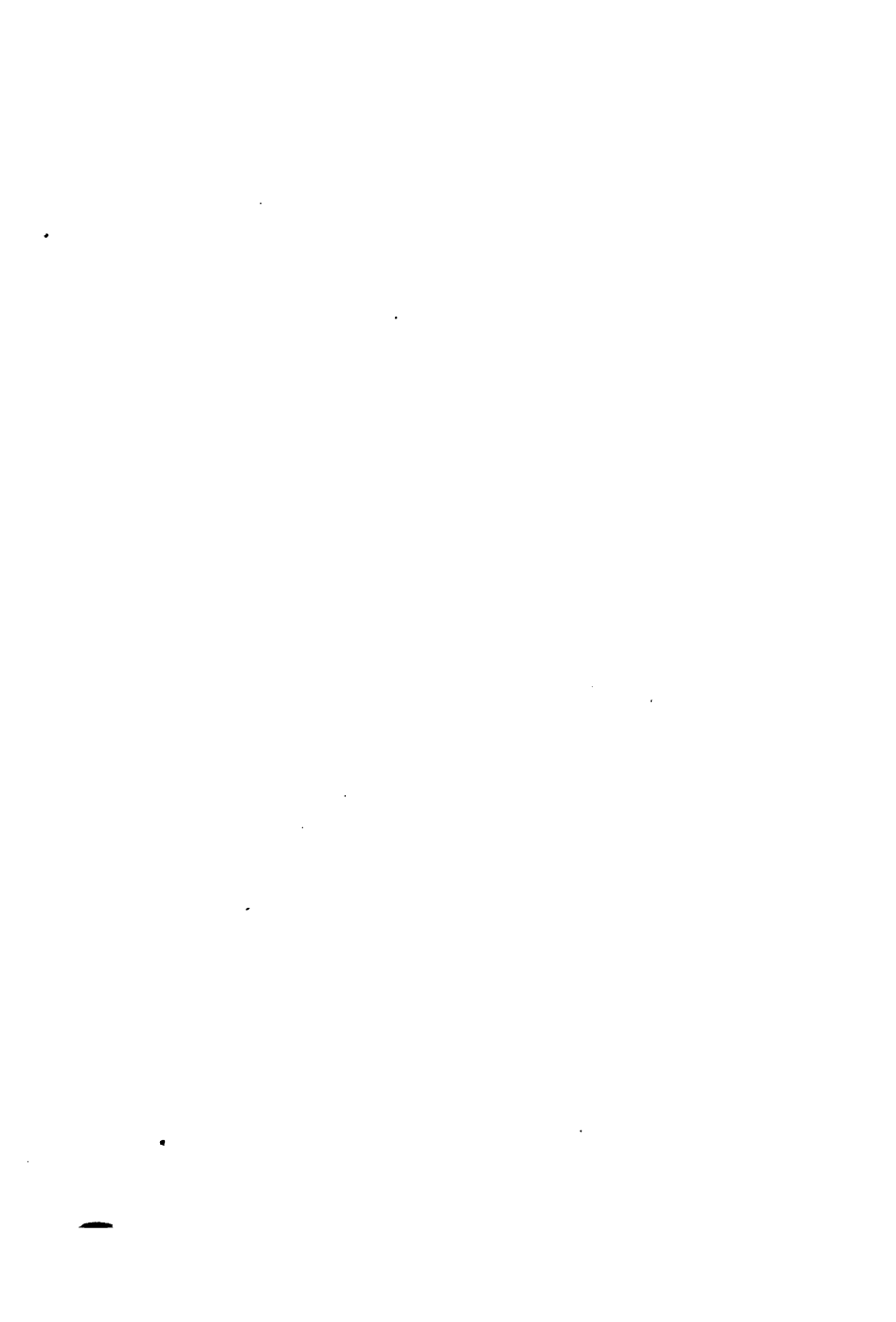


PART II

A TRUE VOCATION REVIVED

In Ancient Egypt the medical profession was in the hands of women, to which we may attribute that country's almost entire exemption from infantile diseases, a fact which recent discoveries fully authenticate. The enormous death-rate of young children in modern civilized countries may be traced to woman's enforced ignorance of the laws of life, and to the fact that the profession of medicine has been too exclusively in the hands of men. — *Hist. of Woman Suffrage, Vol. I.*

The entrance obtained into the medical profession is a danger. It is *possible* there may arise such a monster as a woman vivisector, a female Schiff or Bernard; though, thank God, as yet there are little signs of such ignominy. — *Frances Power Cobbe.*



CHAPTER V

With joy, my best beloved, I speed me hither, dismissing decorum, to hasten with alacrity; for I bring both joy and respite from the ills which before now thou didst cherish and sigh over. — Sophocles, — El.

THE THE sun was diffusing life in
MINISTRY Mrs. Sutherland's bed-cham-
OF HEALING ber next morning when Miss Truly Sutherland noiselessly entered. She found her mother wide awake and enjoying the flood-light and the generous vitalizing warmth of the sun, as yet free from the usual irritating pains in certain parts of the spinal region, in the trunk and the upper extremities of her body.

"I have had an unusually restful night, Truly, my love; but I have been awake a long time, waiting for the coming sun; and now I am afraid to stir lest the old pains return."

“I have come to relieve you of that fear, mother, and, with your leave, will begin at once. Don’t try to move. Just enjoy this glorious morning while I make friendly acquaintance with some of your nerves.”

Miss Truly knelt at the bedside and placed her right hand firmly under the base of the brain of the invalid, covering the medulla oblongata; and with her left hand covered and embraced the chin. By this treatment the caloric function is stimulated, its location being at the medulla, and is readily and efficiently aroused by gentle pressure there and upon the respiratory organ culminating in the chin.

Respiration is thus quickened and increased, and warmth is developed and diffused throughout the body, at least, above very serious obstruction. All this is plain enough to the intelligent healer, when she considers that from this point (medulla) proceed the nerves that control respiration and other important functions, including to a great extent the circulation of the blood in the entire body.

After a few minutes passed in this attitude and treatment, Miss Truly brought her right hand down to press firmly between the shoulders, and her left to cover the sensitive region

at the sternum, or breast bone — the region of the ideal and the spiritual, and of somnolence, in the body.

In this attitude the inspired healer remained for twenty minutes in silence, but mentally expressing to her charge the intent and naturalness of the treatment, and calling forth co-operative energies from latent nature. In a few minutes Mrs. Sutherland closed her eyes and passed into peaceful slumber.

Concentrating her thoughts upon the loved invalid, now passive and receptive as well as quiescent, there was transmitted, through the nervaura of her hand in contact with the physiological seat of health, vitalizing power — physical, moral, and spiritual.

Not only the forces of the consecrated healer's constitution, but other sympathetic subtleties, evoked from actinic and less visible but potent surroundings and spheres, responded to the healer's appeal for the immediate benefit of the invalid.

To quicken her impulse and to fortify her intent, Miss Truly communed with great laws and principles answerable for success, — the reciprocal action of life forces in contact; the laws of influx; of calorification; of vitality,

imparted and transmitted in healing omnipotence from the strong to the weak, from the healthy to the diseased — deep calling unto deep.

She willed and knew that from and through her healthy organism reinforcing life must pulsate into the enfeebled body of the invalid by this contact. Already, responses throbbed back to her consciousness from the sleeping invalid, a compensating joy. Thus did she bring to the therapy of healing, the conquering spirit.

Was all this simply overweening self-confidence, a delusive superstition? No. Neither was it the offspring of ignorance, nor a "rabbit's foot" of therapeutic hoodooism.

The method employed was in perfect accord with true physiology based upon correct knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body; of the nervous system and its occult relations to the living soul: and in the person of the healer, in this case, it was also the propulsive power of a life *at one* with Infinite Good and its confidential, natural almoner, as all physicians and healers should be.

Leaving Miss Truly Sutherland thus engaged while the patient peacefully and helpfully

sleeps, we may profitably consider, in part, the scientific grounds of this therapy, which is abundantly vindicated in results in cases which have baffled eminent practitioners of the old empirical school.

The region of perfect health, or normal perfection, is at the shoulder-blades or superior posteria region of the chest. This discovery carries us far away from all the crude philosophies and speculations of biologists. It is so great a departure from all pre-existing conceptions as to require some explanation to make it clear and intelligible to a philosophic enquirer.

I do not wish the Therapeutic practitioner to know only the manual of treatments, and the localities he must rouse, without understanding as well as practicable, the plan and philosophy of the human constitution which control his operations.

The fundamental plan is this: That every function of human life has a distinct local apparatus. There is no organ without a function; and no function without an organ.

If we could determine, *a priori*, the functions of life, we should know what organs must exist. But the *a priori* method has always been a failure and delusion. We know nothing without observation and experience.

But this statement of functions and organs gives only a very limited glimpse of the truth:

We find in the body a great many structures for the special purposes of physical existence; and in the brain, a great many structures for the purposes of our spiritual existence.

The brain powers are omni-relative; — they face all possible aspects and relations of life, and qualify for all possible duties.

They have no mechanical or limited character, and do not resemble the mechanical and limited functions of the body. Nevertheless, they control and inspire the body; wielding all its powers for their own purposes; and although there is so wide a difference between the genial and spiritual powers connected with the brain; and the special physical powers of the body, — there is yet established by Infinite Wisdom, a wonderful parallelism, unity, association and co-operation, as if one were the echo of the other; — not by any arbitrary decree and inscrutable fixedness of order, but by a marvellous unity of purpose and practical co-operation which enable us to find for every part of the brain, a corresponding part of the body, with which it sympathizes and co-operates, in health and in sickness.

The Spiritual, Psycho-dynamic power or faculty, which we do not define but only suggest when we use the word “health,” is, in the psychic sense, the centre of our impulses, energies and affections, which are so related that

in its action it calls forth a harmonious combination of sustaining, impelling, and regulating powers.

Why is this power manifested in the shoulder, and why is the shoulder a suitable location for a response to the spiritual faculty of healthy animation?

The middle of the shoulder is adjacent to the great life centre in the chest, where the influx that sustains physical life by oxygen is in continual progress, and the extent of these two processes is nearly a correct measure of the amount of physiological life evolved in the body.

The large development of that region, and, consequently, of the posterior part of the chest, necessarily implies an abundance of vital action. Moreover, the shoulder, as distinguished from the chest, is an appanage of the cephalic region of the spinal cord, which forms the brachial plexus, and gives the arms their power.

The shoulder stands between the spinal origin and the muscular and cutaneous distribution of these nerves, and the posterior or scapular region of the shoulder receives its (sub and supra scapular) nerves from the brachial plexus. Thus, the scapular region is associated with the highest vital element of lungs, heart, spine and arms; and its development must indicate both power and activity.

But, in addition to this, the shoulder has an ethical character, derived from its proximity

to, and connection with the summit of the lungs, and the corresponding portion of the spine.

The summit of the lungs is an ethical region that sympathizes with the superior aspect of the brain, and the region of the virtues, and gives the upward determination to the vital forces.

It is well known, and often expressed in emotional language, that the bosom responds to, or is agitated by, the higher emotions.

Thus the shoulder, in addition to its energies, is associated with the kindly emotions, and responsive to the love which belongs to the mammary regions of the chest.

The faculty of healthy animation in the brain region to which the shoulder region corresponds, is the faculty which attracts affection by its abundant and harmonious exuberance of life, and which craves and wins love, which it seeks with approbative zeal.¹

By gentle degrees, Miss Sutherland brought her right hand down the invalid's spine, pausing at every important nerve ganglia and plexus, especially at the lower dorsal region, until she realized by many plain and some subtle signs,

¹ *Therapeutic Sarcognomy*, Joseph Rodas Buchanan, M. D.

that there was a general response to her reinforcing and enabling touch. Meanwhile, with her free left hand she made efficient dispersive passes over morbid regions of the superior part of the body removing conditions which had so gradually homesteaded themselves there.

Fairly content with the progress made in this, the first contact treatment, and knowing full well that the great nerves of the lumbar and sacral plexuses were more than atrophied, and that sensation and responsiveness to the will had gradually, in consequence, died (Progressive Paralysis some of the learned doctors named it), Miss Truly administered "progressive" Thought, and suspended physical contact treatment until another morning.

At this conclusion Aunt Charlotte was called to attend to her mistress and prepare her for breakfast.

Mrs. Sutherland opened her eyes, and greeted her old nurse affectionately, declaring that Miss Truly's treatment had brought her strength, and a new relish for food.

"Yes'm, Miss Am'ly, Miss Truly am pow'ful good nex' to de rabbit foot, sho'lee. But laus-e-me! Mass'r Thist'l done say an' Mass'r Jeems Mad's'n bodashusly 'low dat de good

Lo'd *he*-self mout maik you-all walk de flo', ef he cum down en do it — an' no udda pusson."

"God's will be done, Aunt Charlotte; but indeed I am feeling much better this morning. Present my compliments to the gentlemen; I will see them here as soon as I have taken breakfast."

Mr. Poe and Dr. Randolph shortly paid a cheerful visit to the invalid, and both gentlemen noted with sincere delight the manifest improvement, for Mrs. Sutherland declared that, for the first time in many months at this hour of the day, she was free from pain.

Dr. Randolph's office was in the ancient little town of Withersville, a mile away, and as he had a number of professional visits to make, took his departure after seeing Miss Truly, hoping to return for a late supper unless unavoidably detained.

After seeing Dr. Randolph in the saddle, Mr. Poe called for the companion of his quiet rambling hours, his fine shepherd dog, Ranger, and struck out for his own plantation, musing, hoping, and wondering.

CHAPTER VI

Nature repairs her ravages; repairs them with her sunshine, and with human labor. — George Eliot.

MORNING

GLORIES

MORNING hours are best hours. If our bodies are healthy and our minds free from discontent and wrong ambitions, we should awake out of refreshing sleep with all Nature in the morning, untroubled.

Health of mind and body does not prescribe too early rising.

Human ambitions and disturbed consciences, not to speak of bodily aches and pains, frequently make us slaves to evil hours; and to peevishly hail the early dawn because you have not realized balmy sleep is a sad evil.

The cause of this lies elsewhere than in some unsubmitive organ of your body, or in some subtle impediment in the tissue of a nerve

sheath; and must be searched for in the Mental Zone.

With the dawn of day, all Nature awakes and resumes (so to speak) conscious life, without friction, well pleased.

We are a part of great Nature, and should harmoniously keep step with universal life.

In this happy condition you begin each day, regardless of untoward material retarders; in reciprocal touch with everything that breathes, flutters, and vibrates.

Perhaps you think all this is merely perfunctory; then you are wrong. There is a marked difference between the natural and the strenuous. Every expression of life has its perceptive faculties, its senses, its relationships, and its consciousness; I might add, its religion; — an intelligent integer.

Nature has endowed every form of life with spontaneity, which, so far as we know, is absolutely good, — an omnipresent aim-director.

Spontaneity in Nature is vocation. What is that aim?

It is just to live its best; to see, to move, to grow, to feel, to bide, to forbear, and to fraternize at its best.

Man is included in this little bill of particu-

lars; but he has invented many ways to dishonor it, in thought and practice.

I have said, Nature is not strenuous any more than she is perfunctory. A strenuous life, now-a-days so lauded and magnified, is unnatural and only men and women are guilty of it. The forced fires soon burn up the fuel. The gray matter of the brain — that subtle nerve-fluid, which is the handmaid of the soul — is soon exhausted, in the strenuous life; and what comes after?

“Shooting Niagara,” in some form or other.

To live naturally is to live harmoniously; but the strenuous life is in a state of rebellion against Nature.

Do not confound normal activity with strenuousness, as the word is used to-day; they are not in the same category, but symbolize respectively, the healthy, and the diseased life.

You will say that “strenuous” men and women “do things;” accomplish, and conquer; plunge for it, “and get there.”

Do they really? It may seem so; but in truth, they only “make a fuss;” and soon take on all the disagreeable features of the eccentric, and too often, the irresponsible.

They have the genius for making trouble,

without the conservative power to help out. Strenuousness is the plutocratic affliction of the present age, fast developing into a fatal disorder, called "nervous prostration," filling and multiplying asylums for the insane, and other eleemosynary institutions; and — worst of all — making conditions for, and ushering in, a carnival of crime and suicide.

CHAPTER VII

And there appeared in the Cherubims, the form of a man's hand, under their wings. — Prophet Ezekiel.

Taking the hand (of the dead child), Jesus said to her: . . . "Little girl, I am speaking to you — Rise." The little girl stood up at once, and began to walk about. — The Gospel.

I recommend the application of the hands on the body, for the purpose of healing. — Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan.

The human hand gives expression to the genius and the wit, the courage, and the affection, the will and the power of man. — Dr. Geo. Wilson, in "The Five Gateways of Knowledge."

THE HEALING THE hand is the organ of touch, or feeling.

HAND

It is the immediate executor of the Will, and of the finer functions of the brain. It is also very much more.

Sir Daniel Wilson, in his interesting treatise on "Left-handedness," says: "In so far as the hand is to be recognized as the organ of Touch or Feeling, it plays a different part from the other organs of the senses. It is no *mere* passive recipient of impressions, but *selects* the objects to be subjected to its discrimination; and *communicates the result to the central organ*, the seat of intelligence.

"As a responsive agent of the mind, it is the productive artificer."

The hand is the almoner of the bountiful vitalities from the "Central Organ, the seat of intelligence," to the receptive subjects of the touch; whether to disperse morbid conditions, or to revive exhausted functions in the human body, when wisely applied.

In true Therapeutics every region of the brain and of the body should be evoked and employed for desired physiological and healing effects; and the hand — the wisely guided hand — is the instrument through which these regions and reservoirs are reached, and summoned into co-operation.

For tiring time physiologists have strenuously denied the existence of such power in the human hand; but a better mind is prevailing; and

shortly it will be accepted without question, that, "*All vital and psychic processes are transferable; as well as the pathological and the muscular.*"

To the student and the practitioner this general law of healing will more and more simplify itself, if he will carefully study the connectives of the hand and the brain.

Then, consider the Will, in connection with your hand, — that executive functionary of the Spirit which you are; by which and through which, the force of the nerves of animal life (voluntary, cranial, and spinal) is directed and transmitted; and also, the mightier force for healing, through the nerves of organic life (involuntary or sympathetic), is employed.

Those centres of power in the body, known as the cephalic, the cardiac, the pulmonic, the phrenic, and the hepatic; the abdominal and the gastric; the crural and the pelvic, are readily amenable to the wise manipulations or touches of the true hand; especially if the healer is also acquainted with their correspondences in the brain.

It is freely admitted that sometimes, the hand of the healer may be directed helpfully, under a kind of inspiration, without the scien-

tific knowledge suggested; but such knowledge is always the strongest support of the sympathy and the thought that heals and helps.

In the sacred keeping of the physician and the healer should ever repose the truth that the sympathetic nerve system, which is seldom or never the obedient child of the Will, *is directly amenable to the power and direction of the Spirit*, whose law is in the hand, as well as in the heart. Herein is room for devout and co-operative thought, the thought that inspires and heals.

If Physiology has not discovered the fact, and if many masters in material science stoutly deny it; take comfort in the thought that in the page of progress next to be written, it will stand forth in illuminated letters.

The Osteopathic school of practitioners, the latest and by no means the least accomplished and learned, has made prominent this branch of knowledge, and in intelligent and scientific practice in healing has demonstrated the value of the human hand. It is worthy of note that in this growing system, woman holds a prominent place.

Among the most skilful and successful members of this school, woman, after years of study

and training, is proving herself "worthy of the vocation to which she is called" in beautiful emulation of Elizabeth Blackwell, America's first woman admitted to the privilege of a medical education in an American college, over sixty years ago, and whose subsequent career as a physician more than justifies woman's time-long claim.

Since then, in the annals of medical practice and the healing art, as well of original investigation in biology and cognate branches and their subtle interweavings in the human constitution, the names of women stand out in shining prominence, little, if at all, below those of brilliant men.¹

An ancient prophet of God gives a fine description of the "Healing hand" — God's hand within yours. Many interpreters teach that the inspired prophet simply portrayed, in the distance the advent and work of Jesus,

¹ For a comprehensive account of woman's work in these fields, the uninformed reader is respectfully referred to *The History of Woman Suffrage* by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and Matilda Joselyn Gage.

the Christ, who, by word, touch, or look, healed all diseases of the body and rectified the soul.

Whether this be so or not so, it is true that the Christ of Nazareth embodied forth the perfect fulfilment of the prophet's vision.

Let it also be true and a true description of you, good physician, and of you, consecrated healer, whoever you may be — and wherever.

And his brightness was as the
THE VISION *light. He had horns coming*
out of his hand: — the margin
reads, — “Beams of influence.”

And there (in his hand), was the hiding of his
power. Before him went (disappeared) the pesti-
lence; And burning coals (diseases) went forth
at his feet (approach). (Hab. iii.)

Whatever different interpretation you, O critic, may give to this sublime prophecy, it stands in all its significance, the picture of the true healer of disease, who never fails to appreciate the wisdom that cometh from the patient researches of man; but whose stay, guide, and inspiration, are found in the conscious presence and indwelling of God.

Very anciently it was said: —

The Father (God) disseminated symbols in souls. He hath concealed Himself within the soul; But hath not shut up His proper fire and His wisdom. — *Chaldean Oracles*.

CHAPTER VIII

As the Father hath sent me as His Messenger so I am sending you. After saying this, HE BREATHED ON THEM. — The Gospel.

What fashion of breathing was this, I wonder? Some devout sectary might answer, — it was a form or method of benediction; because the words "Receive the Holy Spirit" followed the blessing of His breath. Perhaps.

I take great comfort in the view that the "benediction" was the Power of His own Life, conveyed to them by His breath.

The breathing that the Christ exercised was Psychic, Therapeutic, Hygienic, and Spiritual breathing. May not we, also, follow Him in this? — W. W. Hicks.

THERAPEUTICS AMONG the studies which deeply engaged Miss Truly
OF BREATH Sutherland, under the direction of Professor James Ransom, was that of Breath and Breathing.

First, for the perfection and healthy preservation of her own body; secondly, as a therapeutic agent and method in the treatment of disease. The result was every way desirable and satisfactory, for she stands before us perfectly healthy in body and mind, — bright, cheerful, self-conscious, capable, modestly knowing and correspondingly confident.

Out from her presence, through her hands, her thoughts, and her breath, healing power proceeded. The enfeebled body of her mother began to revive in every part.

Causes of prostration in every nerve and muscle, in every zone, which had baffled the skill and search of learned physicians to locate and name, gradually disappeared; and in a few weeks, under the methodical treatments of her devoted daughter, great changes for the better were noted. The benumbed limbs became conscious, energy slowly returned to deadened muscles, pain fled from nerve tracts, harmony rehabilitated itself gradually throughout the body and between the brain and its correspondencies in the nervous, vascular, and muscular systems: all this as much to the astonishment as the delight of Dr. Randolph, who watched over the patient, from time to

time, with deep and ever increasing interest; and studied the gentle healer as well with worshipful admiration. They were close friends as well as remote kin — this learned doctor and this new revelation of womanhood.

They had been companions in her youth, the slight disparity in age not serving as a bar to many confidences, and the same faithful old "mammy," born a slave in the Sutherland family, had nursed them both. Thus, sympathy for the invalid and proud family ties made them warm friends without creating suspicion in the heart of either that the holy bonds of a deeper and closer relationship were germinating and growing apace.

On Miss Truly's part it must be said, that, up to this moment, she had not thought seriously of Thistle Randolph in any other light than of a beloved cousin far removed, a noble young man; a learned physician and a capable director in many of her studies, and a clean, brilliant, delightful comrade. Quite the same may not be said, perhaps, of Dr. Randolph; but the time had not yet come for more than the silent nursing of hope, which, since Miss Truly's graduation and final return home and absorption in the delicate task of restoring

health to her mother, now took full possession of his proud nature.

You will not wonder that he became envious of the flowers Miss Truly loved and caressed, nor of the devoted dog, Ranger, to which she was accustomed to confide her hopes and plans concerning her mother, — the while fondling his expressive face and beautiful ears.

As this is not a love story, at least, in the usual form, we may well leave the ever-engrossing subject to itself for the present, and proceed to consider some of the great truths which made this "new woman" the centre of intense interest in the home which she adorned, and the surrounding community, — and learn a lesson or two ourselves.

What everybody *should* know, the physician and healer **MUST** know, about breath and breathing. The philosophy and science of Physical Culture are rooted in the knowledge of breath and how to breathe. To understand and to live in accordance with the laws of breathing, is to possess perfect physical bodies (in the absence of congenital deformities), and corresponding moral character and mental quality. The subtle constituents of what we

breathe in the purest, freshest air which supports us, are not too much extolled by the learned physician when dealing with the most dreaded plague of civilization in human bodies: but equally, perhaps, *more* important is the intent and spirit of the breather who breathes.

It is doubtless true as taught in the books and as we infer from the Scripture account of the original investiture of life in the human body, that our nostrils were created and placed where we find them, for the purpose of breathing. To substitute the mouth for the nostrils is a bad practice. Great emphasis is laid upon the fact that normal breathing is through the nostrils; that by maintaining this normal exercise in breathing, we make ourselves immune of catarrhs and proof against other dreaded evils.

But knowledge of the science of breathing, combined with a reasonable acquaintance with our bodies, will reveal that every cell and pore in the human body is part of the breathing apparatus.

The aerophyte is a plant which derives its sustenance and support from the air; it is a body of active pores; it breathes all over and throughout, and thrives in almost singular

perfection. Physical man, in his best estate, no less than the aerophyte thrives to perfection and attains healthy length of days by universal breathing.

An obsolete word — *aeroscopy* — fitly characterizes the human body-plant breathing the air with intelligent perception of its nutrients.

“So far as the problems connected with the external respiration are concerned our knowledge is tolerably complete; *but as regards the internal respiration, taking place all through the body, much has yet to be learnt.* . . . Every cell of the body is in itself assimilative, *respiratory, and excretory*, and the tissues in this class are only concerned in the first and last interchanges of material between it (the body) and the external world. They provide or get rid of substances for the whole body, leaving the feeding and breathing and excretion of its individual tissues to be ultimately looked after by themselves, just as even the mandarin described by Robinson Crusoe, who found his dignity promoted by having servants to put food into his mouth, had finally to swallow and digest it for himself.”¹

¹ *The Human Body*, Etc., by H. Newell Martin, Professor of Biology in Johns Hopkins University.

Perfect physical life is realized and sustained by this universal breathing — that is, the harmonious coactivity of external and internal respiration. Viewed under the microscope, every portion of the human body except the palms of the hand and soles of the feet is covered by minute hairs, which are affected by the conditions of the atmosphere and the clothing in which we work, stand, walk, sit, and sleep.

These hairs contain air cavities, and inspire and respire, and he would be a bold scholar who would deny what science does not yet affirm, that these minute suctorial follicles are transmitters and distributors of vitalizing elixirs, by the law of influx, from without; as well as conductors of impurities of the body from within by the law of efflux.

If the coat of the skin of the human body could be seen with the naked eye, it would present, in health, the appearance of a beautiful field of undulating grass, now bright, now variegated, reflecting light from without and life from within.

In practising breathing, therefore, we should direct our thought to every part of our bodies,

and study ourselves in relation to the art and the action, and not alone for health of body but also for the building of character in all desirable and beautiful lines. Breathing with *intent*, we mingle with the sun-charged atmosphere the rich elements and spiritual essences of our creative upbuilding thought. To study and practise this method of breathing is to prevent, stop, and eradicate to an unappreciated extent, pulmonary and tubercular tendencies and diseases. Even where the dreaded Consumption — so-called — is inherited, as taught by many biologists, or exists in the incipient stages; *not drugs*, but the knowledge of breathing, when and how, is the true method of deliverance.

Breath and breathing, outward conditions being favorable, are the surest liberators of the lungs.

Physical weakness, arrest of development of the chest, and all thoracic necessities, are met and overcome chiefly by knowledge of the laws and the persistent proper practice of breathing.

The narrow chest, the stooped shoulders, are sure indicators of certain tendencies toward permanent serious disabilities, and knowledge of *how* to breathe and practical use of that knowledge, is the natural method of deliver-

ance, — of uplifting the head, of brightening the eye, of strengthening the shoulders and the whole thoracic region, as well also the entire body.

Let us call this *intentional* breathing — breathing on purpose.

Many persons may consider *intent* in breathing of small importance, but for therapeutic effects it cannot be overestimated. Persons of weak constitution who are young and growing naturally desire to overcome physical disability, have every reason to increase stature, to strengthen the fibre of their being, to enlarge the area and achieve the expansion of the chest, to perfect and preserve by exercise the lungs; they must understand that only by intentful breathing can these things be accomplished.

Deep breathing, in this connection is not abdominal breathing, but what I have named *universal* breathing, that is, by thought, bringing into action *internal* as well as external respiration, ramifying the entire body.

Most important in this exercise of all the respiratory organs and tracts is the quality and manner of thinking. At first it might seem a small point to emphasize, perhaps something unscientific, that your thought can

direct, concentrate or focalize what you stir up and receive by breathing, upon any particular zone or organ of your body, but a little reflection will banish your doubts. Let me suppose your lungs are affected at some point and that point is known to your consciousness. By incorporating purpose — concentrated thought — in your breathing upon that weak point, the power and virtue, the essence of that which inspires your breath, will nestle soothly where your thought rests. The healing thought inspires and enriches the breath.

There is “breath of Life;” and there is breath of corruption and death.

“My breath is corrupt, my days are extinct, the grave is ready for me,” cried afflicted Job.

“Breath of Life” is God’s breath: “And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of Life.”

There is *healing breath*, breath impregnated with the pure spirit of you; and breath of the Healer “as an overflowing stream” as the ancient prophet declared, — the “gulf stream” of purpose, of prophecy upon the dry bones, upon the withered and shrunken tissues, upon contracted cords and stiffened muscles; and

for the quickening of the morale of the entire being.

To the devotee of a halting, deficient Physical science, these affirmations and thoughts will, probably, awaken derisive criticism, but such will proceed with bad grace from a believer in the

“Physical basis of life”

rooted in “protoplasm,” because where “there is protoplasm there is life,” who then retires behind, — NO, — falls outside his breastworks defining protoplasm to be a “*form of matter endowed with those properties which we call vital;*” and in the same breath is compelled to admit that his science has not yet, and cannot analyze this protoplasm because it is always *alive*; and winds up by the stupid declaration that “all methods of chemical analysis *destroy it*:” *Your* protoplasm is a dead thing, and your science stops at the life-line!

Protoplasm in your much assuming “science” (?) is a “form of matter,” but you find it endowed with something that is NOT matter, and so you do not know what it is, since it defies analysis.

Vitality is not a property of matter, nor is

matter endowed with it. It is matter's master, and your science is left to seek the living in that which is dead.

The "protoplasm" of such critic is, therefore, "the dust of the ground" before God breathed into it the breath of life; or after that breath has returned to Him whence it came!

It is a simple thing to send the vital essence of the breath to any part of the body if we cultivate the habit of concentrating our thought and the art of compression.

Without this intentful breathing the full benefit of the atmosphere which surrounds and supports us is not received. There are elements in the atmosphere too subtle for analysis, and these must be attracted. Who has ever analyzed the "four winds of heaven" which were invoked upon the valley of bones and caused them to live?

"The wind blows where it wills, and you can hear the sound of it, but you do not know whence it comes, nor where it goes," said Jesus to Nicodemus.

In the sunlight of the morning there is more than the glow and the brightness; these are

felt and seen, and ordinary breathing will absorb them for the purification of blood and the building up of the physical body; but all the elements answerable for perfect health of mind and body, concealed in the "Sun that rules the day" and the "Moon that rules the night," and the "Stars in their courses," vitalizing and tempering the atmosphere in which we live, are not received and incorporated in perfunctory breathing.

To realize these prime elements in our lives we should breathe with as much intentness and devotion as when engaged in an act of religious worship.

The most ancient account of "Sun Worship," in the days when men and women lived to a great age, that worship consisted chiefly in invocation for health, addressed to the Dawn (Ushas), "the daughter of heaven;" "The breath of life for all beings is in her when she opens the gates of day. Her rays flow forth like rivers of milk from the 'superb abundance' of her breast."

The two first beams of the sun were two heralds (Asvins). "They are the heavenly *physicians* bringing succor, the two eyes by which we see the light, the two feet by which we

walk, the two lips whence flow words sweet as honey."

When, following the first beams of light, the Sun (Surya) appeared, he was invoked to chase away all illness and bad dreams.

The sunbeams were appealed to in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," thus:—

"Men call you, O faithful ones, the good physicians, who lend your aid to all the Blind, the feeble and the depressed.

"I pray you now, hear my cry and be gentle to me as parents to a child. I am an orphan—I have neither friend nor kindred; help ye me, who am so poor and needy. . . .

"Lengthen out our life and wipe out all wrong."

Breath itself was deified in those days. Universal sovereignty was ascribed to it.

Asure (from *Asa*, breath) is the lord of life.

There is no power which can oppose itself to him—to breath. Consequently it is he who bestows life, or holds it back, and its precious gifts; it is he who imprisons the light and sets it free; he dispenses as he will suffering and healing; he is the god who binds and looses.¹

¹ See *The Ancient World and Christianity*, by E. De Presensé, D. D.

THOUGHTS FOR THE HEALER

Breathing may be said to be of three kinds. First, Diaphragmatic; second, Abdominal; third, Costal. By many authorities on Physical Culture, great stress is laid upon the first and second centres of respiration. When carried to extremes either kind is dangerous.

A more imposing system of breathing comes to us from the Hindu Yogis, — a system set forth in part in the aphorisms of Patanjali, — which, under wise restrictions, commends itself to the studious, especially to the *intelligent healer*.

Marvellous results are claimed, following the successful regulation of the breath in inhalation, exhalation, and retention as set forth by the masters of this system; but to undertake practical obedience to its demands, except under the guidance of one who fully understands the methods laid down, and can fix the limits of effort, serious evil instead of good will surely result.¹

¹ Pranyama — the Yoga practice of breathing:

1. *Puraka*, — Inhalation; closing the right nostril and breathing through the left.

2. *Rochka* — Reversing *Puraka*; — Exhalation — expelling the breath with emphasis, chiefly through the left nostril, and, after some time of alternation, in every way.

3. *Kimbhaka* — Retention of the breath. Fill the lungs, then close mouth and nostrils with the fingers of the right

But the healer, by mastering this method, and wisely limiting his practice, will surely gain power and sufficiency thereby, and will be the better prepared to make breath, in his practice, available and extremely useful therapeutically.

It is generally held that, by breathing from the abdomen — we strengthen all the powers, tissues, and muscles of the body; enrich the blood, and stimulate the nervous system. It is also claimed that, by diaphragmatic breathing the same results are obtained.

In the great colleges of the country, where athletics are often carried to extremes, the lessons of the teacher in the Gym, and the Stadium, are largely based upon these ideas and claims.

hand, and proceed to direct the breath by Will, to different parts of the body, and throughout.

In this practice, one should compress the breath, so to speak, by the act of swallowing, with mouth and nostrils closed, as directed.

By this method it is claimed — and justly — that the solar essence of the breath will distribute itself as the Will and Thought may direct and locate.

Benefits to be realized :

1. By the first: Promotes nourishment and growth; equalizes humors and dissipates them.

2. By the second: Promotes stability, endurance, and firmness.

3. By the third: Removes effects yet remaining of "sins in the body."

Consult *Yoga Aphorisms*. — Patanjali.

Nature's Finer Forces. — Pressad.

Hatha Yoga. Pradipika. — Swatmaran Swami.

The truth is, abdominal breathing, under such method of culture, or, indeed, under any method which gives it great prominence, is unnatural, and, therefore, hurtful, and destructive of the very thing it is intended to accomplish.

Athletes who are graduates of such strenuous schools, may, for a short time, put forth great strength; but the breath soon fails, the method breaks down, and the breathing apparatus shows lack of staying qualities.

This may be seen in the rowing, wrestling, and football matches and other games. Exhaustion comes soon and stays long, and after the otherwise healthy exercise of football or rowing for men, or lawn tennis and rowing for women, the exhaustion is so great that it often requires days or weeks to recuperate; and sometimes the foundation is laid for life-long trouble.

The abdominal organ and muscles of respiration are, of course, to be exercised in the practice of breathing, but to press upon them the *burden* of the exercise for the development of the body and the vitalizing of its organs, is wrong — a violation of the simple laws of nature.

Abdominal breathing should be sympathetic,

secondary, and easy. The same is true, but in a more limited way, of diaphragmatic breathing.

Undoubtedly this organ is to be exercised constantly as part of the breathing apparatus. It is, so to speak, an elastic band, so adjusted, that its movements up and down should impart or create strength, endurance, elasticity, ease and harmony to the entire body. But overwork, undue pressure of effort in breathing, upon this important organ, instead of strengthening and increasing the capacity of the lungs and of the diaphragm itself, must result in weakness and loss.

The third method of breathing is known as the costal method, which, of course, includes the diaphragm, and the abdominal respiratory organ, but only as secondary, in the practice of proper breathing.

Costal breathing is breathing with the emphasis of the act placed in the lower ribs, — rib breathing, one may say.

In the act of breathing, the inspiration and the respiration, our mechanical consciousness should be dominant in the ribs; especially, in the lower ribs, which are not directly attached to the sternum in front. Like the gills of a

fish, which you have noticed in action, under the limpid water, the costal ribs will gracefully rise and fall, under this natural method of breathing; increasing vitality in the body, and harmonizing and equalizing healthy sensations, and consciousness throughout.

The immediate and reflex action of costal breathing, is the development of the costal region of the human body, which includes the trunk, from the base of the brain to the waist.

This development will give space for all the organs to grow; will inspire all the higher organs within the trunk to develop; especially the lungs and the heart, in the happy unity of perfect health. Out of all this must evolve in the character, noble pride, splendid ideality, courage, energy; and above and through all, moral power.

The healer therefore must know how to utilize and apply his breath, not alone for the perfection of his or her own body, but as a most powerful agent, in removing causes of disease, and in restoring healthful action in the bodies of his patients.

His breath, charged with all the vitality, thought force, and spirit force of him, reinforced by a consciousness whose essence is

God, breathed through any foramen of the nervous system open to him into the body will penetrate quickly to the crying spot of weakness or need; the all-sufficient aid to Nature, there and then.

CHAPTER IX

So far, then, from attributing the sins of our race to the "Fall" of our ancestor a hundred and eighty generations past, so far from supposing ourselves "born children of the wrath" of the all-loving God, — so far from deeming that we are laden with "imputed" or "inherited" guilt even before the first dawn of our moral consciousness or moral freedom, — so far from reviling, as "totally depraved," or "grievously corrupted," the glorious natures which God and God alone has given us, — a truer philosophy teaches us to believe that what we are is the condition chosen for us by Infinite Love and Wisdom, to give us the power to attain the highest end possible for a Finite Creature. It teaches us that, instead of being cursed by our Maker with a nature totally depraved, there is nothing in our natures not placed there for the express purpose of producing our everlasting approach to goodness and to God. It teaches us that we are enchained to no "inherited corruption," — that our lower nature alone is enchained to its instincts, which are animal indeed and un-moral, but no way corrupt or depraved; but that the true Self is free, an originating

*cause in the world of realities, and not only not depraved, but essentially and necessarily Righteous, willing the holy law and that only.*¹

SOURCES OF IN the Science of Breathing,
POWER we have tapped one of the
sources of power, for the
healer, and for the patient. There are other
and greater sources of power, which are not
myths and mere speculations, to the true
healer.

They are spiritual, and moral. In Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan's instructive and prophetic work on "Therapeutic Sarcognomy," a work which should be familiar to every healer, although not often endorsed by the regular M. D., worse fortune; he says:

"We need a grand and continuous inspiration; and though I am speaking now of the healer, what I say is equally applicable to every reader; for all need to be sustained in health and moral power, for the performance of duty, and enjoyment of life.

"We need an unfailing, ever-present inspiration.

¹ *Essay on Intuitive Morals.* — American edition, pp. 147-154.

“ *Whence can it come?* and from what can it come?

“ It must come from something which can inspire our hope, love, courage and heroism. That which is to inspire our love, must be supremely lovely and noble; and that which is to inspire our hope must be the landscape of futurity; bright, with the sunshine of joy; that which is to inspire our courage, is the certainty of ultimate conquest over all evils and opposition.

“ Where can this be found but in Heaven? In the boundless spirit world we have an eternity of life, triumphant over all evil conditions; not a far-off realm, dimly perceived by a hood-winked faith, — hoped for against doubt; grasped at with the energy of dying despair, or enjoyed in passive melancholy, in the spirit of the poet who sings that,

“ ‘ Love and hope and beauty’s bloom
Are blossoms gathered from the tomb.’

“ The Heaven to which we look for inspiration is neither remote, nor shadowy, nor doubtful. . . .

“ *The healer should be inspired*, — as Jesus was inspired, and promised His followers that

they should attain a similar inspiration, and do similar works.

“Anthropology shows that they who live the heavenly life on earth, do become inspired, and become Healers, Teachers, Reformers, Uplifters of Humanity, by their moral power and enthusiasm.

“Inspired thus, with the nobler emotions, the healer is brought into sympathy with the Supernal Love; and as *identity of condition implies sympathetic union*, he becomes actually inspired, by the grand Spiritual Presence, which, from higher spheres, flows into all who ascend to meet it.

“It may not be consciously; it may be simply an unconscious portion of his spiritual life, as all inspired sentiments are; — as Ole Bull said that his music was inspired by the mountains of Norway; and Byron said: ‘High mountains are to me a feeling.’

“But when the nervous temperament is favorable, — when certain anterior parts of the brain are well developed; the spiritual power is not merely an unperceived support, but becomes an actual Presence; and the attending, inspiring or controlling Spirit adds his power to that of a healing medium, so

generously, as to relieve the latter of the burden; to give the intuitive diagnosis of disease; and to perform the healing work, in giving spiritual vitality, which is so much more perfect, enduring and inexhaustible in the spiritual spheres, — the infinite Sea of Life.

“Aided in this manner, the healer does marvellous works, both in diagnosis and healing; and the advent of this form of practice now, when materialistic philosophy has built up a mass of *physical science* concerning living bodies, which rises like a Tower of Babel, vainly seeking the skies; but which ever fails in exact diagnosis, and truthful prognosis, in difficult cases; and fails so often in therapeutic practice; — the advent, I say, of a higher form of practice, in which Spiritual Power is concerned, demonstrates the blundering folly and laborious disappointment of human life, in the scientific as well as the practical, when alienated from the supernal and spiritual; — and the glorious elevation of every department of life, when man is brought into nearer relations to the Divine.”

Dr. Buchanan quotes approvingly from Professor Draper’s “Text Book of Physiology,” which must have appeared rather unmeaning to many; but which time has demonstrated

to have been a true prophetic vision of these fruitful days.

“We have precisely,” says Professor Draper, “the same reason for believing the existence of the Immortal Spirit, that we have for knowing that there is an external world. The two facts are of the same order.

“Of the future continuance of that external world, irrespective of ourselves, we entertain no doubt; indeed, in certain cases, as in those presented by astronomy, we are able to tell its state a thousand years hence. So long as our attention was *confined to Statical Physiology*, everything connected with the subject now under consideration was enveloped in darkness; but it will be very different when *Dynamical Physiology begins to be cultivated*, — Dynamical Physiology, which speaks of the course of life, of organs, individuals and races; . . . and then, it will appear that the universal opinion of the ages and nations is not a vulgar illusion, but a solemn, philosophical fact.”

A distinguished physician, not long since, before an International gathering of Neurologists, made the statement, — almost apologetically, — that from Plato he learned, that the “wise men of Greece, two thousand years ago,

believed in the use of *influentially worded* advice, in the treatment of disease.”¹

It is to be regretted that the very learned gentleman failed to hint at the possible meaning of the word “*influential*,” in this case; or what the Greek psychotherapists of that day and time looked to as the sources of their power, — the power which gave *influence* to their words, in the healing of disease.

The “divine Hippocrates” wrote a book of Aphorisms, full of wisdom, and suggestive of many other matters than drug prescriptions. The first reads: — “Life is short, and the art (of healing) is long; the occasion fleeting; experience fallacious, and judgment difficult. The physician must not only be prepared to do what is right himself, but also to make the patient, the attendants, and externals, co-operate.”

The learned Empedocles, who flourished 400 years B. C., was noted as an orator, statesman, physicist and poet; but also, as a *physician*, a prophet, and worker of miracles. One can hardly fail to perceive that the “miracles” were marvellous achievements in healing the sick, by methods other than drug medication;

¹ Dr. Weir Mitchell.

very suggestive of those employed by Christian Scientists; Mental, Nervauric, Osteopathic, and other successful healers of the present day.

Aristotle was the son of a distinguished physician to King Amyntus of Macedonia, — Nicomachus by name, — and was himself doubtless a physician of no mean standing, 350 years B. C., for he taught the noble doctrine that, —

“Health in the mind of the physician precedes the process of cure.”

Plato was born 429 years before Christ; and so far as he discoursed upon therapeutics, and in his doctrine of the soul; he might well be hailed and honored as, in some deep sort, the founder of what our wise modern neurologists now call psychotherapy.

It would be as easy as interesting, to trace the subject back to Pythagoras, and beyond, into the more Golden Age of his forebears in philosophy, to India; and find in the profound, mystical, and minute revelations and discussions of Shiva-Gama and the Tatwas (breath), all the claims, theories, and truths, found and suggested in the therapeutics of these galvanic and psychic times; including the erudite ideas

and speculations of some of our modern advanced neurologists.

Interesting and confirmatory as such an excursion would be, we must needs forego it, and enter upon the study of a later, safer, and more easily comprehended era, — the era of brotherhood and healing power, ushered in by Him who “spake as never man spoke before;” and who, by His word and touch, and thought, and breath, “cured all manner of diseases,” whithersoever He went.

The Master of masters; the divinely sent Teacher of teachers; the Son of God with power, — the Christ, — is the infallible Teacher; the unfailing Healer; the Revealer and the Revelation.

To Him must we go, as to the perfect Source of Knowledge, to learn the secrets of success; the secrets of power, and true therapeutics, if we would honor our profession, by *healing* the sick, and not merely doctoring them.

All other learning, important as it may be, is secondary to this. Neurological science; anthropology, in its largest interpretation; and chemistry, — three great words, covering and suggesting what the wise physician is supposed, measurably at least, to understand, —

studied and heeded, under the inspiration of Jesus, the Christ, would soon result in banishing all the errors of medical practice, and usher in the Millennium of Healing Power.

STUDY THE In the study of the Christ Life,
CHRIST LIFE we get glimpses of the sources
of His power.

It is not satisfactory to many to say that He performed His wonders, and healed all manner of diseases by word, touch, thought, or breath, by virtue of His divine nature, and without the intervention of means, and obedience to laws, to be studied and employed by us.

It is not in keeping with His own words, taken all in all, to say that He charmed the pangs of hunger into sense of abundance; exorcised evil demons; opened blind eyes; cleansed lepers; restored hearing to the deaf, and normal sensation to the paralytic; and cured organic diseases, wherever He went, — by the exercise of supernatural power, inherent in Him, as the Son of God, and by this inherency alone.

Men will differ as to this, and it must be conceded, that *faith in Him*, as taught by the Church, does not any more create and maintain

the succession and perpetuation of the gracious power which the Master exerted, and which He requires us to realize.

Now and then, exceptionally devout characters appear among us, whose healing power almost duplicates that of the Christ; but they are soon, as a rule, denounced and repudiated, often by the Church itself, as charlatans, or worse.

Christ, Himself, met with similar treatment, and was boldly persecuted, for casting out devils by the power of Beelzebub, the Prince of devils.

We know that at times His disciples also healed the sick, and cast out demons, after His manner, and by His method, — and in His name. Their touch was often potent to relieve and to cure; and their very shadows, as they passed by, falling on the stricken, and the plagued, restored normal conditions.

These cases would doubtless be classed as instances of "Faith Cure." But sometimes, they failed. A scene of this kind occurred:

A father brought his afflicted son to the disciples, that they might heal him. It was a case of convulsions. He was said to be under the spell of an evil demon, which sometimes

cast him into the fire, and sometimes into the water. The disciples tried to cure the lad, but failed. Their own lack of faith might have had to do with the failure. Power had gone from them, and the fact was humiliating. From all the circumstances, we are bound to believe that, in the Master's name, and by the exercise of powers like unto His, they were accustomed to perform such cures; but in this case, there was no virtue in their touch; no charm in their voices; and no authority in their command.

"*Bring him unto me,*" said the compassionate Christ; and here is the touching, simple story of what followed: —

"And they brought him unto Him; and when He saw him, straightway the spirit convulsed him grievously, and he fell to the ground, and wallowed, foaming. And He asked the father, 'How long time is it since this hath come unto him?' And he said, 'from a child. And oft-times it hath cast him both into the fire, and into the waters, to destroy him; but if Thou canst do anything, have compassion on us and help us.' And Jesus said unto him, — '*If thou canst!* All things are possible to him that believeth.'

"Straightway, the father of the child cried

out, and said, with tears, 'I believe; help thou my unbelief.'

"And when Jesus saw that the multitude came running together, He rebuked the unclean spirit, saying unto him: 'Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I command thee, come out of him, and enter no more into him!'

"And having cried out, and convulsed him much, he came out; and the child became as one dead; insomuch, that the more part said, 'he is dead.' But Jesus took him by the hand, and raised him up; and he arose." (Mark, ix.)

WHY THE DISCIPLES FAILED "And when He was come into the house, His disciples asked privately, '*Why could not we drive it out?*' And He said unto them, '*A spirit of this kind can be driven out only by prayer.*'"

Note that Jesus did not intimate that the case just considered was beyond them, — beyond their hope, and their privilege.

There is nothing in the narrative to warrant us in the belief, that when the disciples tried to cure the lad, they were essaying a task beyond their province. There is no rebuke in the Master's words for presumption on their

part. But to them, there was a revelation; — and to us, both rebuke and revelation.

It was the revelation of one of the sources of His power.

With the devoutest believer, we may affirm His inherent Divinity; and on this ground alone, many would claim exclusive power in Him; but we are confronted with His own statement, that the source of that power, which the disciples had just seen Him exert with authority, to heal, was within *their* grasp, to contain, and to use, — if they desired.

Prayer was declared by the Master, the secret Path thereto.

Perhaps, they did not fully understand Him, at the time; but however that may be, we need not falter in our comprehension.

We shall see that He found it needful and helpful to seek the Sources of Power, within Himself, and deep and high within reach of the prayerful grasp of His soul.

His example bequeathes itself to us; and the roll of centuries has not closed up the way to the Sources of Power which the Christ evoked; nor weakened it when found.

He also sought and found recuperative and replenishing forces in retirement; in solitudes;

in secret consultation with Nature's laws within Himself; amid responsive elements and agencies unknown to the medical practice of His time, and which are stoutly denied if not ridiculed by the anthropology, psychology, and therapeutics of to-day.

The surprise caused to-day and yesterday by the successful treatment of diseases by "irregular" practitioners, following methods closely in touch — identical — with the power and therapeutics of Jesus and His immediate followers, is a sad confession of ignorance and weakness in high places; and the denunciation of the intellectually and morally competent healers and their methods, by the legally protected "medical" monopolists, however incompetent many of *them* may be, is just a modern satanic bluff.

There is no excuse for ignorance on the part of the healer any more than on the part of any "regular" experimentalist. On the contrary, public conscience and authority should exact of all practitioners, "regular" and otherwise, the clearest proof of their competency and qualifications, intellectual, moral, and spiritual, and by virtue of what they know of the chief components of anthropology. And all this by

no arbitrary clique selected from the Bourbon fossils of discredited schools. In the profession are a plenty of truly learned and nobly endowed men and women, and among the laity also they are no longer rare, and from such as these, boards of examination will soon be chosen to consider and pass judgment upon the qualifications, both in learning and morals, of those who would devote themselves to the humane work of healing the sick, and not from the bigoted and often malicious medical associations.

But beyond the admirable and necessary knowledge to which reference has been made, and greater, is the masterful spirit, informing the Will, inspiring the Thought, vitalizing the Breath, and enthroned in the Brain, whence through the nervous system, it is ever in healing touch with the physical body; and from the spirit side tapping eternal Sources of Power!

PRAYER A Whether or not the physical
SOURCE OF powers of Jesus were exhausted
POWER by healing, instructing, and
feeding the multitudes attending upon His
gracious ministry, we know that He frequently

sought solitude, and it is said of Him that on one occasion at least, "*He departed into the mountain to pray.*"

The meaning is not doubtful.

He retired, to be alone: from the sad sights and sounds of human ills; from the wild rout of human follies and frailties; from all distractions of his unappreciated and laborious ministry of Love and self-sacrifice, — to be alone, — alone amid the ministering solitudes of some mountain, some secluded eminence physical or spiritual; — there to pray, there to hold communion with the Unseen; to clasp the outstretched hands of almightiness at some quiet tryst on the heights; to open the portals of his inner Life and admit the down-lettings and uprisings of gracious powers — and fellowshiping of God; to throw himself with absolute faith upon the sympathies and ample upholdings of the Spiritual World as well as upon the conscious presence of his Father; — *and to plumb the depths of his own Being!*

Some, or haply, all of these inducements took the Master to His devotions in the mountains alone, or into the spiritual altitudes of His own Being.

His example will not be lost upon us.

Here, and by these paths, He found the power which His disciples lacked, — the power which *we* also lack when bodily ills stubbornly resist our skill and our authority.

Shall we consider more largely this method of feeling for sources of power? It is most ancient, well vindicated, and sure.

Said Sophocles:

What may be taught, I learn;
What may be found, that I look for:
What must come by prayer,
For that I ask the Gods.

In Homer's *Iliad* the following passage is worthy of remembering:

Prayers are daughters of Almighty Jupiter, —
Lame, wrinkled, and squint-eyed, —
That painfully follow misfortune's steps;
But strong of limb, and swift of foot
Misfortune is, and far outstripping all,
Comes first to every land, and there wreaks
Even on mankind, —
Which prayers do afterwards redress.

Prayer, says Jeremy Taylor, is "conformity to God. It is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thought, the evenness of our recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest; — the daughter of Charity, and the issue of a quiet mind."

Prayer is the law and the method of soul-development, of spiritual growth. It is the evolving power within consciousness, — the propulsive life of the spirit, challenging truth and creating experience.

It is not defined in an appeal for help, nor in a devout aspiration, nor in a feeling after God. It may, indeed, be all these, but also, something more. It is the soul's real and sure self-expansion — its perpetual bounding into higher and higher estates of knowledge, of experience, of power.

Prayer is not only an appeal to the infinite outside, but also, the unfolding of the infinite within.

The healer should know how to pray.

It cannot be beneath the dignity nor outside the province of the most learned biologist, the busiest medical doctor, or the honest adherent

of every method of healing the sick, to search for the footsteps of the Great Physician and follow Him in His quest of power into the silence, physical or spiritual.

They lead into the infinite all-glorious, all-helpful exhaustless treasure-universe wherein the percipient soul finds ready and waiting all the aids, reinforcements, and inspirations it may ever need. Nature's finer forces spring toward us whither these meditations lead, and, if on coming down from such retreats in some mount of God our faces do not shine with the lustre of supernal communion, yet are we "renewed in the spirit of our minds," and are the better qualified and equipped for healing the sick in body and in mind. No college of medical instruction; no school of science; no hospital for experience and observation, great and useful as are all these, can supply what we find *alone* in this Path made plain by the footsteps of our Master leading to the original sources of power.

It is true now as ever that lives thus devoted and thus equipped are the potential and conserving forces in the world — nay, the actual, its real directors and ministers of permanent good.

This is indubitably true whether we have in mind physicians, ministers of the church, or mere laymen who are to be rigidly excluded from the exercise of the healing art according to the *brutum fulmen* of certain overweening ornaments of the medical profession.

The essential truth herein emphasized, if not revealed by Jesus, the Christ, is dependable and never fails, and in this sense surely, Christianity cannot be adjudged a failure, however short all of us may come of apprehending and exploiting its lessons and principles and its gracious powers. But when you come to consider *materia medica*, granting most worshipfully that many of its supporters and professors are found among the most learned and benevolent of mankind, no skilful ratiocination can shield it from the verdict of both Nature and Grace, —

“Thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting.”

SOUND DOCTRINE	The doctrine thus taught and which we are to hold fast in faith, in knowledge, in experience and practice, is this:
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Through what the Master called "Prayer," a special kind of power is realized, — a power which has direct and effective mastery over bodily and mental ailments, to remove their causes.

All this, as we have considered, may not imply, as a pre-requisite, high scholastic learning, or profound knowledge of what medical schools teach as science, necessary to the proper equipment of one for practising the healing art.

Unquestionably, the more thorough and correct one's knowledge is of Anthropology, that science of man which is not limited to the structure and the natural history of the human species, but of *man* — "soul and body — individual and species — facts of history and phenomena of consciousness — the absolute rules of morality as well as interests material and changing;" — what has been aptly termed the science of *mental variables*: — to have knowledge of *this* science the healer and the physician are the better prepared to receive and wisely exercise the Power of which the Christ speaks, and which he declared was to be sought and found in prayer and not by other means.

This power is spiritual, moral, and is the

force, substance, and measure of the personal interior life — the life of the spirit — akin to the source of all consciousness, — and not a species of “cult.”

You may call it “Christian Science,” “Psycho-therapy,” “Mental healing,” or any other suggestive name, if you are so minded: but when you are prepared to enter upon its noble practice you are essaying to do the works of the Master, and in a realm not recognized by any science taught in the medical schools whose diplomaed graduates are sent forth the only legalized experimenters upon human life under this Christian civilization!

To die of disease under the cognizance and attendance of any legalized M. D. is the proper, the regular, and the lawful thing to do; and no one seems authorized to make inquisition as to whether the diagnosis in any case was true or false, a clever guess or a pedantic conceit; or whether the medicines prescribed were nutritious substances or deadly poisons.

CHAPTER X

Enter into the soul of things.

— *Wordsworth.*

PSYCHOMETRY PROFESSOR JAMES RANSOM, A SOURCE OF whose name has appeared several times in previous chapters, and under whose tuition Miss Truly Sutherland finished her technical studies after graduating from a Medical Institute whose privileges and thorough training are open to women, shall present to us the important lesson on Psychometry.

His qualifications for this task are of the highest, whether you consider him from a scientific or philosophical point of view; as a master in psychology or the every-day practitioner of the healing art.

From a lecture to a graduating class composed of ladies and gentlemen who, after being qualified as physicians and ready to enter upon

their humane life-work, but before doing so sought instruction in the science of Psychometry in the lecture-room of Prof. Ransom, what follows is taken with his consent and approval.

“*Ladies and Gentlemen:* The science of Psychometry is not one of the sciences taught in our medical colleges, and is not found, therefore, among the studies deemed necessary in medical education. Marvellous advance has been made in the range, extent, depth, and scientific exactitude combined, with a yet imperfect thoroughness, in the best medical schools, especially in Europe, but not absent in the few really worthy well equipped with laboratory, clinical and other essential facilities and requisites, in our own country. The making of a doctor is too easy in numberless cases by a sort of patent perfunctoriness in a large number of medical institutions; but the equipping of a *healer of disease* is another thing entirely, and the coaching and quizzing through the most elaborate curriculum on paper and *by* paper-writing never yet made one.

But even the best education available in the

highest and best equipped medical school, — in Germany, for example, — where the study of anatomy must be in the dissecting room and not from a manikin or a skeleton before a glib professor; and where symptomatology must be learned and studied in living patients and not from a sort of guessing-book or a speculative list of rules, — even in the midst of such advantages, without the study of Psychometry, most lame and imperfect will the education ever be. One true lesson in psychometric practice in diagnosis will be of more value to you than a large volume of quiz-rules “in such case made and provided.”

We have spent many pleasant, and, I hope, profitable hours in this lecture-room, as pupils and teacher, during the past year, acquainting ourselves with the principles of Psychometry and quickening our faculties in its practice; and I dare hope that you will carry with you into your professional life the beginnings, at least, of useful and trustworthy powers, making you successful healers of disease and not mere experimenters in medical practice.

You will pardon me for repeating, and with the greatest emphasis, what I have said from this chair many times, that the profession

which you have chosen — nay, which has chosen you, is perhaps the noblest that can engage the mind and the soul of a man or a woman. In all past times the very uttermost examples of human greatness — that greatness which consists in unselfish devotion to highest ideals in daily practice, in the moral and the humanitarian sense, — must be looked for among physicians, always including the Great Physician who, by His word, touch, or thought, “healed all manner of diseases.”

The qualifications for this greatest of all human works include those of the priest and minister with many another which in the sacred calling is not deemed essential. First of all there must be a *natural aptitude* for the work, and then the apprehension and unfoldment of qualities and powers, not alone intellectual, but physical, moral and, more than all, spiritual.

Thorough education is invaluable and must never be considered completed, but *intuition* is, when rightly realized and placed, the truest, surest, and safest dependence of the intelligent physician and healer.

Psychometry is the right hand of Intuition expressing itself through the organs of the brain in which the psychic faculties cluster,

thence to every cell of the body by the quick-transfer functions of the nervous systems.

The question of woman's pre-eminent fitness for this work, granting such physiological and technical instruction in cognate sciences as you have received, is no longer under serious discussion. The question whether women should be admitted to the study of every branch of science covered by what is termed "Medical Education," including the laboratory and the dissecting room, is no longer considered negatively by those best qualified to judge.

The many women who, since my earlier student days over fifty years ago, have graduated with singular honor from the best schools open to them, and have gone forth into the world to perform their arduous tasks, and who to-day are bright lights in the profession, have abundantly vindicated woman's right to thorough medical training equally with men, and their induction into the medical profession with its solemn responsibilities, facing its nameless possibilities in the divine work of healing the diseases of humanity both of mind and body. If there are distinguished members of our profession who still doubt the wisdom or the propriety of opening these doors to women,

they are winning golden compliments by their eloquent silence.

The science of Psychometry, as I have stated, has not yet received the endorsement, at least by name, of the acknowledged leaders in the medical profession, nor has a professorship of it been established, so far as I know, in any medical school. This is a deplorable fact which, I am sure, will be remedied ere long. The liberal bestowal of money by wealthy men and women for the founding and maintenance of institutions like the Carnegie Foundation and other technical centres of original investigation in every department of anthropology, is a significant indication of what may be looked for very soon for the science of Psychometry under its own name.

The expressed desire and purpose of distinguished leaders in "Medical Science" in a national association to have laws passed giving despotic power to what is termed the "Regular" profession, meaning graduates from a certain class of colleges, and limiting the practice of medicine and the healing art to them, excluding all others, and so inaugurate compulsory methods — compelling all citizens by law to submit to one or at most two schools

of medical practice, — is worthy of universal reprobation as a monstrous onslaught upon natural and every other kind of right in the interest of an overweening and mercenary vanity and not of a true ambition to promote the health of the people.

“To prevent and punish quackery” is a good cry, and appeals to every honest person, but it is well to remember that almost if not quite ALL the “quacks” in the land are graduates from some medical college and have their diplomas and parchments to prove it.

These progressive gentlemen would be better employed in weeding out the “quacks” from their associations instead of seeking to bind the people to their monopoly of right to experiment upon them from birth to death — with no recourse from ignorance and incompetence.

Sects in medicine are not as numerous as in churches, and there are millions of people who will not without protest seek medical advice from any “qualified” M. D., preferring to endure the ills that exist rather than to fly toward greater, as they claim, just as other millions prefer to seek salvation outside the church than by the orderly way pursued within.

Perhaps our advanced leaders in medical science merely design to have laws passed recognizing only "*one type of qualified physician*," as in Europe, and then let the sectarian call himself or herself by the sect name and practise accordingly.

Objection would lie in either case, and the psychometer knows exactly what these *savants* are driving at.

Stand firmly for more knowledge, a better education, a thorough training, but include therein the cultivation of the divine faculties inherent in us!

It must be conceded that a true diagnosis should precede the selection of the remedy, and no one can master pathogeny by poring over all the learned treatises ever written, but by the cultivation of the divine powers in himself — the study of the science of Psychometry.

ITS Psychometry as a study is more
IMPORTANCE important to you than physical
 science; than philosophy; than
 materia medica or therapeutics, as taught in
 any medical school; and, when rightly under-

stood, it will revolutionize remedial methods on behalf of the sick.

It will give new knowledge to the physician and new powers to every healer; it will restore physiology to its true spiritual basis, and cleanse therapeutics of its empiricism.

In further discourse to you, I shall aim to set forth the fundamentals of this science, and I shall avail myself freely of the labors of those who have preceded me and especially of the distinguished physician and scientist who discovered it and first applied its revelations in the humane work of healing the sick, — *Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan.*

Literally — soul - measuring
PSYCHOMETRY (*psyche*, soul; and *metron*, measure). As the thermometer measures the temperature, and the barometer expresses the density and weight of the atmosphere, and as the electrometer gives electric conditions, — so Psychometry is the law and philosophy, the method of cognizing, analyzing and measuring — interpreting *life* in man, in character, and in things which physical science gives no data upon.

In the case of Psychometry, says Buchanan, the measuring assumes a new character, as the object measured and the measuring instrument are the same psychic element, and the measuring power is not limited to the psychic but has appeared by successive investigations to manifest a wider area of power, until it has become apparent that this psychic capacity is really the measure of all things in the universe.

St. Paul says: "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned," — that is, the spirit of things is approachable, perceived, and knowable by spirit contact.

That which is beyond discovery by any known method in physical science, reveals itself to the spirit which you are, and expresses itself in and through your physical body, and is not subject to material limitations.

Psychometry, argues its discoverer, signifies not merely the measurement of souls and soul capacities, but the measurement and judgment of all things conceivable by the human mind; and psychometry means practically *measuring by the soul*, or grasping and estimating all things which are within the range of human intelligence.

Psychometry is the development and exercise of the divine faculties in man, a demonstration of the old conception of poetry and mystic philosophy as to the divine interior of the human soul, and the marvellous approximation of man toward omniscience. . . . Its highest claims are as the absolute guide of diagnosis and therapeutics in which the general introduction of psychometry and utilization of its benefits will constitute the greatest and most beneficent addition to the resources of the profession that has ever been made.¹

The great thinkers of our race throughout all time, have, in more or less measure, demonstrated all this. Who can read the intellectual bequests of any advanced thinker of any age without now being impressed with this truth?

Reading in this light, the occult becomes simple and luminous, and the darkest mysteries in Nature unfold into light and the easily apprehended law of their becoming and of their meaning. Carlyle said: — "On hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van."

¹ *Manual of Psychometry*, Joseph Rodes Buchanan, M. D.

How, I wonder, except by the divine guidance of Psychometry? Surely, if we pursue our advantage and learn to trust the intuitive powers and master their methods, we shall feel, perceive and understand the mighty letterings of the generations whose footprints are mutely preserved in the rocks, on Nature's face, and in the air; for "the air," says Professor Babbage, "the air is one vast library on whose pages are forever written all that man has ever said or woman whispered."

How came this scholar to this conviction?

The spirit of divination must have possessed him — the psychometric functions of the soul — or else he simply toyed with a fugitive vagary.

But then, we also know something of the reality of this atmospheric library, and, in our sunlight and midnight communings, have sensed with unmistakable strength and inspiration the vitality of the thought therein preserved.

It was Shakespeare's proud declaration, that — "In Nature's Infinite Book of Mystery, I have a little read."

Every student of this greatest of masters, is hedged about with perplexities as to the marvellous revelations of Nature, in all her

aspects, unfolding in beautiful simple words on every page, and in almost every line of Shakespeare.

How came this unrenowned "play-actor" by such penetration? How grew the massive powers of mind and soul in him to perceive, to grasp, to hold, and to reveal to the world in unapproachable simplicity and fulness, the subtleties of Nature, material and human, — domains as yet locked against the approach of science? Learning had not yet advanced to the proud distinction of Shakespeare's wonderful delineations, and science was but being born in the modern manger.

Psychometry makes simple all the mystery. The greatness of Shakespeare was not that of the learned philosopher, the favored student of mighty Gamaliels in Law and in Science, in Art or in Literature: —

It was the triumph of his soul over the limitations of the senses, the fulness and divinity of the intuitive faculties, — in fine and in fact — **PSYCHOMETRY.**

The same may be said of Lord Bacon and a few others at the dawn of our age, whose ascent into Nature's altitudes, or penetrations into her profound depths of secrecy, made them

Masters of Truth in anticipation of the world's progress, by centuries of time.

It matters nothing how these undeniable facts may be unaccounted for by the materialist philosopher or psychologist of to-day; the science of psychometry tells the secret and unfolds the method. To dwell on these things intently, is to enter the very atmosphere of their life and to feel within ourselves the emancipating pains of spiritual parturition.

NATURE'S Nature is an open book to the
PICTURE psychometer. The exquisite
GALLERY pictures locked up in the ocean's depths and in the foundations of continents and all the mountains, as well as the process of their creation, disclose themselves in all their enduring framework to the gaze of the psychometer, in harmony with the ancient saying that the universe exists for the experience of the soul.

Professor William Denton, the eminent geologist of the state of Massachusetts, in his remarkable work entitled "*The Soul of Things; or Psychometric Researches and Discoveries,*" gives the following eloquent description of Nature psychometrically seen and read:—

“From the first dawn of light upon this infant globe, when round its cradle the steamy curtain hung, to this moment, Nature has been busy photographing every moment. What a picture gallery is hers!

There are the heaving crust, as the fiery tides pass under it; the belching volcanoes, the glaring lava torrents, the condensing waters, the rushing floods, and the terrible struggles of the early stormy times; the watery expanse unshored; the new-born naked islands peeping above the waves; the first infusorial plants, too small to leave a fossil trace behind them; and the earliest fucoids that clung to the wave-washed rock. Every radiate and mollusc of the Silurian era, every ganoid of the Devonian, has sat for its portrait, and here it is. Not a leaf that grew in the Carboniferous forests, not a beetle that crawled, nor a frog that hopped; not a monster of the Oolite, nor a beast of the Tertiary, wanting.

There are grand panoramas of the past, containing all that man ever did, — the first rude savages of the world, their hunts, their wars, their progress; the history of all nations and peoples from the cradle to the grave.

‘They may be there,’ says the cool reader, ‘but how shall we be able to see them? None but a madman would dream of such a thing.’

It would be strange if Nature admitted no mortal to her matchless galleries; if, after employing myriads of artists in drawing the waking and sleeping world, she should permit no human eye to behold her instructive pictures.

To catch a shadow, was once the acme of the impossible; now, country lads, with a camera for a trap, do it in almost every little village. And this is in appearance no greater impossibility than that was once regarded.

There is nothing more difficult than to tell what cannot be done; and many wise men have made themselves foolish prophets in attempting it.

I know of no chemical application that can make visible to ordinary observers these pictures with which all objects abound; but in some individuals the brain is sufficiently sensitive to perceive them when it is brought into proximity to the objects on which they are impressed.”¹

And this is Psychometry.

¹ *The Soul of Things, Etc.*, William and Elizabeth M. F. Denton, Vol. 1, Eighth Ed.

Into this vast universe, unseen by the physical eye but an open book with every line and picture cognizable by the interior powers of the soul through the psychic function of the cultured brain, the psychometer passes unchallenged.

The *mind* of Nature is a mine of omnipotencies whose perfect works in their majesty and detail are seen and read and known, not by our senses, but by our cognate mind instructed and inspired by the same spirit.

What these divine powers perceive, cognize and relate, in the material world; — *when focussed upon the human body*, perceive, cognate, and relate, with unerring certitude all it is, whether in health and perfection or in disease and decay: and only by this psychometry can you measure the capacity of the nervous system to receive and convey life-force by influx throughout the human body — and thus arrest decay, abolish slaveries, and remove all obstructions to health both of body and mind.

The foramina of the nervous and vascular systems are openings, through which, by proper contact of treatment, reinforcement can pass from the healthy to the enfeebled — and not by drugs thrust into the stomach.

In the one instance you co-operate with

nature for harmony and health successfully; in the other you fight against nature successfully. Choose ye!

This psychometry is not an invention of man but an investment of God; and its utility depends upon the awakeness of your soul rather than upon the cold fingering of your intellect. To be possessed of powers which are dormant is to limp through life — and out — unimproved, reflecting on yourself no credit and incurring the condemnation of that “lazy, worthless servant,” of whom the Master speaks, who had received six hundred pounds to do business with and hid them in the ground. (Matt. xxv.)

If we were more psychometric, we would have less use for drugs, and health and happiness would wait upon our perfect digestion and composure of mind.

The trustworthiness of psychometry is the substitute for faulty and blundering *materia medica*; and if you are not a good psychometer, through lack of development and the exercise of your mental and spiritual powers, it will not be the fault of psychometry, any more than it is the fault of Christianity when people steal and commit murder.

This particular science appeals with special emphasis to women who have entered upon the professional life and to those who are preparing to do so, for the reason that women, whose intuition is conceded to exceed that in men, are more susceptible to psychometric impressions therefore, and Professor Denton declared the ratio to be as five to one, a sufficiently low estimate, since, as he says: —

“While man is toiling up the steep by painful steps, with laboring breath and sweating brow, woman flies to the summit in an instant, and wonders that man should be such a laggard.”

I have called psychometry the latest science, in very truth it is the oldest, whether viewed from the medical or moral standing-point. In olden times prophets, priests, adepts, and inspired men and women who were pointed at as seers of visions and dreamers of dreams, and also the diviners of occult mysteries, and interpreters of mental riddles, charmed away dire conditions and diseases by thought and touch and breath.

They were psychometers and not victims of mad delusions. In ancient Egypt, when women were almost the only physicians, it is worth noting that infantile diseases, which in these

days are so destructive and fatal, were practically unknown among the Egyptians. If you choose you may attribute this to the medical culture of that day and time, but you can find no historical support but abundant evidence that the chief dependence of those wise virgins and matrons who were responsible for the upbringing of young Egypt, was upon their intuitive perceptions and faculties expressing themselves through their hands, thoughts, and breath.

Confining our thoughts to *medical* practice where remedies from the ever widening endorsed pharmacopœia of the so-called regular school are sought, psychometry must prove its essentialness, as Dr. Buchanan truly says the whole art of medical practice consists in correct diagnosis and prognosis followed by correct adaptation of remedies.

“Success in the practice of medicine (not in acquiring profit or fame, but in curative treatment) depends upon two things, the perception of the disease and the perception of the remedy. *Both of these perceptions belong to the sphere of intuition.* No physician ever acquired an *accurate* knowledge of the condition of the patient without the exercise of psychometric percep-

tion, though he might otherwise learn the prominent symptoms. Nor can there be a clear and comprehensive knowledge of the relation of a remedy to the condition of the patient, without the exercise of the same intuitive power."

To this fine point your attention is specially directed and you will grow to forget that biological science accepted by the medical profession of to-day, at least by the great masters and leaders, is physical or material with never a suspicion of a truer natural basis, namely, man's spiritual nature, which, through the science of psychometry is easily made the omnipresent, unerring, and ever successful physician within his own body and mind, and in the bodies and minds of his patients, in accordance with the great saying of Doctor Aristotle 2200 years ago; —

"Health in the mind of the physician precedes the process of cure."

SOURCES OF The theory is untenable that
VITALITY vitality results from chemical
processes in the body apart
from cerebral or brain excitement which is
vitalized by the spirit.

Knowledge of the relations of the frontal region of the brain to the consumption of vitality; and of the occipital region of the brain to its source, increase, and orderly distribution throughout the body, is yet a vague realm to the practitioner and to the biologist who places Biology among the physical sciences.

Vitality does not inhere in the blood.

Vitality does not inhere in any of the material elements of the physical body of man; nor is it the product of organization: on the contrary, it is the creator and framer of all.

Vitality ever eludes the searcher of it in matter, whether crude, simple, or complex, — abstract as the atom or organized as a man; for its source is not found in any form or substance of matter, nor has any, not the most subtle chemical combination given it birth, although, ever and anon, we hear of this achievement by some distraught oversanguine alchemist in common human clay.

Vitality-Life, is cause, and its law is influx.

It is Spirit, and the brain is the matrix of its becoming, and the media of its procession through the nervous system for the building, the preservation and continuance within ordained limits of time, of the material body.

It is no more the product of the brain than of the oxygen in the blood. It is not a phenomenal fact of existence but the essence of it, unaccountable of matter, possessing the human brain as a throne of grace and power, whence, through the nerves utters its decrees, enforces its laws, and vitalizes every corpuscle of the blood, every cell, every fluid, every organ, and every function of the human body.

Psychometry is the exact and practical knowledge of this.

To study psychometry, therefore, is to acquaint yourself with these divine secrets, and to follow, in your healing ministry, the impressions of the Creator's hand in His masterpiece of perfect work, — the human body "so fearfully and wonderfully made."

It is not necessary here for me to make a résumé of the methods we have pursued during the past term in locating the psychic faculties in the brain — their natural relationships — the method of their development — the laws of transfer to the hand — the cultivation of the psychometric hand — the rule of contact — the science of breath and breathing in relation to therapeutics, — and many other vital matters relating to psychometry in treating the

sick, in discovering and measuring character, and in interpreting Nature in her complex diversity; — with all these important matters you are sufficiently familiar to enable you to go on intelligently with your investigations, applying your knowledge in your daily practice, as I am sure you will do.

It remains for me to express my gratitude to you as a class of enthusiastic students and to each of you for the cordial reception you have given to what I have been able to present, — and so . . . I take my leave of you with sincere regret and with an ancient prayer in my heart, that God will make you a thousand times as many as you are and bless you as He hath promised.”

CHAPTER XI

Psychometry has already been employed in the cure of diseases; its principal value having been, hitherto, in giving a correct diagnosis; which can readily be done, in consequence of the sympathy that can be established between psychometers and the diseased; and also by means of that clear vision which has been illustrated in several of our experiments. — Prof. William Denton, in “The Soul of Things.”

The doctor's presence, if he is healthy and genial, may be of more benefit to the patient than his pills; and mothers, by their soothing manipulations, frequently cure unconsciously their sick children, by imparting to them the health and vigor of their own constitutions. — Ibid.

PROGRESS THOUGHTS inspired by her
AND THE faithful studies in Psychome-
GREEN EYE try, under the tuition of Pro-
fessor Ransom, filled the mind and directed the
hand, the breath, and the sympathies of Miss

Truly Sutherland, as, with her positive touch on the seats of power and gates of effluence in the brain, she continued for weeks, with pleasing results, the treatment of her mother.

She had learned from Professor Ransom what is meant by the psychometric hand; and how, by its wise use in ministering to enfeebled bodies, disturbed minds, and prostrated nerves, she could assist struggling nature, give helpful co-operation to its lowered vitality, dissipate morbid conditions, — and thus reinforce life in its efforts to regain its right of way. Very conscious is the psychometric hand. It is the hand in which culminates, and whence issues, the subtle vitalizing essence of life — through the brain — from its spirit-source; a hand inspired for the distribution and projection of this essence in harmonious fellowship with a true pathology; a hand in which the gray and white matter of the brain, which some of our learned masters call “thought-stuff” is here the laboratory and the dispensary of the divine soul.

Every day, pursuing the method already indicated, but with some variation; and by the therapeutic use of her breath, she witnessed returning vitality in the atrophied parts of the

body of her mother and the consequent removal of the causes of advancing enervation.

By frequent reinforcement of the respiratory organs, — first, in the cephalic region of the cord, then in the intercostal and diaphragmatic regions; and lastly, in the abdominal, this intelligent co-worker with life was rewarded with unmistakable signs of returning health.

These “signs following” increased and multiplied slowly but surely in accordance with Nature’s laws, and in the patient and the healer alike were causes of unspeakable gratitude and thanksgiving.

Contrary to expectation Dr. Randolph was not able to return to the Sutherland mansion for over two months after the welcome home to Miss Truly and her first treatment of her mother. A call for consultation over a serious case in Richmond; a professional visit to Johns Hopkins College in Baltimore, where he was deeply engrossed in a department of original investigation, caused his prolonged absence.

But a letter every few days to Mr. Poe expressing his hopes and good-will attested his

keen interest in the task which Miss Truly Sutherland had before her. In return he received almost daily notes from Mr. Poe giving the exact status of progress at home and the daily improvement of the invalid.

Intelligent co-operation with Nature can do wonders in a single hour, and unspeakable marvels in two months.

The gentle believing Mr. Poe; the devout superstitious servitors 'Rastus and Charlotte, including the mystery of the rabbit's foot, combined with the overmastering will and consummate skill inspired by knowledge and love of Miss Truly; not forgetting the reverential recognition and gratitude of the invalid mother, — made progress easy and sure, if slow.

Every day, after writing to Dr. Randolph, Mr. Poe would confide to Ranger, his favorite shepherd dog, his opinions and his gratification as they together rambled through the lane and the garden, or loitered in the shady bottom which divided and connected the two plantations.

“Don't you see, Ranger, old fellow, that a

new force is being brought to bear in this case of Amalie?

"It's as plain as the nose on your face, you rascal, and as clear and hopeful as the yelp of your approval."

Ranger, thereupon, would cock one ear and then the other, and then both ears in unison, looking up the while most wistfully into his master's eyes in the most beautiful dog-like simplicity; and then dash off in swift pursuit of a butterfly or a chipmunk to tell the good news and give vent to his pent-up feelings.

"It's this way, Ranger," the master would go on upon the dog's return; "it's this way do you hear? Amalie has been partially paralyzed ever since Edward died; the shock was too much for her, and all that Dr. Thistle and other capable medical men could do amounted to almost nothing: and we just settled down in the sad conclusion that death alone would end her misery. God! Ranger, old chum, you may well look sorrowful and bury your nose in your paws. I have done the same a thousand times and am not ashamed of it, and these old eyes of mine have gone red from weeping bitter tears many an hour.

"But no more *bitter* tears for us now, Ranger,

for Miss Truly is surely curing her mother. Perhaps I ought to say, God Almighty is doing it through that child that I stood sponsor for at the Altar; and I say it calmly, and, I reckon, reverently, as man to man, — at least as man to dog, since you are only a dog; I say God is giving back to us Amalie Sutherland, Ranger, as surely as — as — as He made you the noblest dog in the world — a proper Virginny dog.

“Give me your paw, my friend, and let us shake and be thankful together!” The hand of the man clasped the paw of the dog and both understood and were glad.

Did Ranger understand? Who knows? Anyway, his master felt that he spoke his hopes and his confidence to a glad listener who showed his appreciation and sympathy in every way known to an intelligent canine.

Mr. Poe declared to Dr. Randolph upon his return, that whenever he spoke Miss Truly's name in the hearing of Ranger, the dog became ecstatically religious and almost humanly emotional.

“Oh, there is nothing very strange about that, Poe, for such dogs as Ranger, are, in some things, gifted and favored more than most

humans; they are clairvoyant, clairaudent, and prevoyant, I can assure you."

"Thistle, kindly drop your sarcastikism. The dog really seems to know what we are talking about, and I have seen the rascal sit in front of Truly looking up into her face with almost tearful importunity until she would lay her hand on his head and say, 'Mother is better, Ranger, thank you,' and then he would scamper off like mad."

"Confound you, Poe, I'm not sarcastic in my remarks but in dead earnest, and I wish I was as favored and knew as much as some dogs of my acquaintance."

Having almost hissed out this vehement sentence Dr. Randolph darted off in the direction of the stable, leaving the astounded Mr. Poe gazing questioningly into the serious face of Ranger who seemed to share his master's surprise.

"Well!" soliloquized the much disturbed Mr. Poe, "Truly does confide in Ranger, sure; and if ever a dog worshipped a person this dog of mine worships Truly Sutherland, — and as for that, so does his old master.

"But — *T-h-i-s-t-l-e!* Well, by gum! I *am* astonished!"

PART III

WOMAN IN CIVILIZATION AND THE STATE

THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S REPUBLIC

The Second National Anti-Slavery Convention of American women was held in Philadelphia in May, 1838.

In attendance were such pioneers in "The Woman's Movement" as Lucretia Mott, Maria Weston Chapman, Angelina Grimké (Weld), Abby Kelly, Mariana Johnson, Sarah M. Grimké, and Mary Grew.

Mary Grew presented and defended the following resolution, which, after earnest debate, was adopted.

"Resolved, That it is our duty to keep ourselves separate from those churches which receive to their pulpits and their communion tables those who buy, sell, or hold as property, the image of the living God."

Referring to this resolution, the following words are taken from the "*History of Woman Suffrage*," Vol. 1.

"Compare the conscience and religious earnestness for a principle implied in such a resolution with the apathy and supineness of the women of to-day. No such resolution has ever yet passed a woman's rights convention. And yet is injustice to a colored man a greater sin than to a woman? Is liberty and equality more sweet to him than to her? Is the declaration by the Church that woman may not be ordained or licensed to preach the Gospel, no matter how well fitted, how learned or devout, because of her sex, less degrading than the old custom of the negro pew? The attitude of the Church to-day is more hostile and insulting to American womanhood than it ever was to the black man, by just so much as women are nearer the equals of priests and bishops than were the unlettered slaves. When women refuse to enter churches that do not recognize them as equal candidates for the joys of earth and heaven, equal in the sight of man and God, we shall have a glorious revival of liberty and justice everywhere."

CHAPTER XII

It is with reluctance that I make the demand for the political rights of women, because this claim is so distasteful to the age. Woman shrinks, in the present state of society, from taking any interest in politics. . . . Who knows, but that if woman acted her part in governmental affairs, there might be an entire change in the turmoil of political life. — Lucretia Mott (1849).

EVENINGS AT HOME As Mrs. Sutherland's health improved she was oftener found in the parlor of evenings to receive the congratulations of friends and join in the interesting conversations.

Mr. Poe was regular in his attendance and generally gave initial impulse to the theme of the evening and never failed to touch upon one or another subject pertaining to what he always called "The New Womanhood," half in jest, often in deep earnest.

His apparent purpose was to arouse the mind and enthusiasm of Miss Truly, who was even more of an advocate of woman's "Emancipation" and investiture of the rights and responsibilities of citizenship than a defender of the new vocation of woman — a qualified physician and healer of disease.

The Reverend John Pugh, the learned middle-aged rector of the church of which Mr. Poe and the Sutherland family and the Randolphs were devout communicants, Mr. Poe being senior warden, was a most frequent and welcome visitor.

Other friends, members of old families, and some newly settled ones, found hearty welcome and took part in the many discussions around the evening lamp. Absence, for much of the time, of Dr. Randolph, precluded his frequent attendance, but when present he was a powerful force, generally strengthening the positions taken by Miss Truly in her earnest and advanced crusade for woman.

She took the most radical ground for the full citizenship of woman but insisted that for both men and women, citizenship should be safeguarded as it never was for men, making educational and other qualifications high, and

sure, and universal in the interest of a better and a permanent civilization and a purer democracy.

The marvellous growth of sentiment and the deepening of conviction in favor of the claims and demands of a large portion of the most enlightened women of the world can be accounted for, more surely, less as a result of great public demonstrations often accompanied by serious blunders of spirit and action, than of the quiet, dispassionate discussions in the homes of the more thoughtful units, or families of our country, and in the uncounted clubs organized and conducted by earnest women.

In the Southern States of the Union there is far less excitement among women on this subject than in the Eastern and Western States, but let no one think that the interest is small, or the convictions shallow, or the cohering spirit less aggressive.

Few Southern matrons could be induced to take part in a public demonstration or to go upon the hustings and advocate the holy cause, but in the home, in society, and in the church, in very quiet methods, "precept upon precept, here a little, there a little" thousands of the best, and wisest, are preparing the ground,

sowing the seed, and confidently looking for the harvest which is sure to bless their efforts.

“The women of the South should be more deeply interested than our sisters in the Northern and Western States, for we have more to hope for as well as more at stake in bringing about the enfranchisement of women,” was Miss Truly Sutherland’s reply to the Reverend Mr. Pugh’s expressed hope that they would have the good Southern sense to keep out of it.

“I would like to challenge you, Miss Truly, to offer some reasonable support for your statement. Surely, since the triumphant achievement of the Northern radicals and fanatics in enfranchising our former ignorant slaves and present dependents, it is plain to me and should be to every one that the dignified right of the ballot has reached its apotheosis in the abyss of blackest degradation.”

“I would like some one to tell *me* what good the negroes get from the right to vote,” spoke up Mr. Poe. “It was a boomerang to them from the first, and smote them down instead of elevating them, or else I reckon without data.”

“Yes,” rejoined the Reverend Mr. Pugh, addressing himself gravely to Miss Truly, “and

when the women succeed and get the ballot with all its supposed honor and power, the men of the country, the sons of the Pilgrim Fathers and their foreign allies, will be smart enough to vitiate and render nugatory the votes of women, just as our people (for sane reasons) made the voting of the negroes in these Southern States as effective as voting in the air."

"If you are through, gentlemen," answered Miss Truly, although the deepening crimson in her face evidenced some effort to repress a sharp reply; "if you are *quite* through, I will try and meet your objections and place the matter on a better and truer basis than you seem to admit."

A pleasant diversion was created for a few minutes by the unexpected appearance of Dr. Thistle Randolph, who declared that he could not resist the temptation to take advantage of a two days' vacation to leave Richmond for the more congenial Sutherland home, and so forth, caressing the hand of Mrs. Sutherland and casting a questioning glance into the face of Miss Truly.

"We are in the midst of 'votes for women,' Thistle," exclaimed Mr. Poe as soon as quiet was restored, "and Miss Truly has the floor in

favor of the new device, but before proceeding, may I ask *you* how many states of the United States have conferred the ballot upon women? "

"All the sane ones," was Dr. Randolph's terse reply.

The silence which followed was sweetened to Dr. Randolph by a look from Miss Sutherland which was worth a thousand sunrises, while Aunt Charlotte and 'Rastus with great dignity passed the sandwiches and salad and the fragrant tea.

After the fragments of the little feast had been carried away by the servants, Miss Truly addressed herself to the task given her by the Reverend Mr. Pugh and her doting old godfather Poe.

"We all deplore the act of national, shall I say partisan political, folly, of thrusting the ballot into the hands of the freedmen in the South almost concomitant with emancipation, and I am sure that the chastened afterthought of the people at large, intensified by crime-breeding conditions, now admits its unwisdom, as well as its flagrant injustice to the unprepared freedmen themselves.

"It was urged under exciting and intense

partisan rancor as an educator, and as a protection to the freedmen by many very distinguished men in the Congress and among the people. Notably I might mention Mr. Thad. Stevens in the Congress, Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, and Mr. Horace Greeley of the *New York Tribune*, and others.

“I have read that in a memorable speech by Mr. Beecher, a speech that reverberated around the world, he advocated the ballot for the ex-slaves in the South as the almost all-sufficient educator, predicting dire events if it were withheld.

“I have also learned that he was eloquently answered from the same platform in Brooklyn by a loyal friend of the South and of the black race, who earnestly argued for a probationary term of real education of the ignorant blacks as an essential prerequisite, a wise preparation for the exercise of the duties and rights of citizenship, and I particularly recall, from the history of that wild time, that the orator prophesied that the ballot in the hands of the ignorant ex-slaves in the South would prove a ‘boomerang’ — the very word used by Mr. Poe — instead of an instrument of elevation and a wise schoolmaster.

"So has it proven.

"Please note that the women of the whole country, especially here in the South, have studied that page of blundering humanity and blind statesmanship in the face of one of the great objections so often hurled from seats of wisdom and political power, namely, 'the unpreparedness of women for the important exercise of the chief right of full citizenship.' Please also notice that she is educating herself for that and for all other duties and rights of citizenship.

"It is true, as Mr. Pugh has said," resumed Miss Sutherland, "that for reasons with many foundations political, economic, and racial, the voting of the negroes in our Southern States has been shorn of power; but it is also true that the methods employed are not approved on the high ground of moral righteousness but rather on the ground of expediency in a crucial emergency, and the importance if not necessity of maintaining white supremacy.

"The wisdom of this concerted action, plainly nullifying the Constitutional Amendment securing the right of citizenship to the negroes is vindicated in the minds of almost all our people, and justified by our ablest statesmen

as a timely and efficient offset to the acknowledged unwisdom of the Amendment itself, and, in the outcome, not disadvantageous to the black voters."

"There, I agree with you," exclaimed Mr. Pugh, "and for one I maintain that the various methods short of bloodletting employed by us to utterly vitiate the negro vote in every state in the South are based on moral grounds as much, or even more, than upon political expediency."

"I am not disposed now to dispute you, Mr. Pugh," Miss Sutherland replied, "my purpose being to make plain, if I can, the necessity and the greater wisdom of enfranchising women as soon as possible, for the preservation and development of our civilization, because 'the vitiation of the negro vote' will not continue forever; the political equality will be restored and so safeguarded as to defy successful interference by the methods of to-day."

"In that time, the votes of women and woman's influence in the body politic will secure the permanency and inspire the progress of our civilization, and cleanse politics of its foulness."

Mr. Pugh became unduly excited and walked the floor for a minute as if trying to calm his

mind. Resuming his seat he assumed a stern expression veiled with sadness, while the entire company seemed tongue-tied with astonishment, and presently he said with a sigh:

"I deeply deplore the condition of our country, our Southland, and its new civilization, which can force from you, dear Miss Sutherland, or from any woman of the South, words so radical and so fearfully prophetic as you have just spoken."

"Very dear friend, if my words have given you pain to hear, believe me, they cost me much to speak them, and I count upon your patriotism and goodness of heart, and upon the heavenly patience of your sacred calling, which I reverence in you beyond words, to put upon my convictions and expressions the kindest meaning."

"That I will surely try to do," was the good man's soft reply. Mr. Poe, who seemed to delight in the earnestness and ability of his favorite, yet ventured to remark that:

"While I might become reconciled to the enfranchisement of such women as Miss Truly and cousin Amalie, and the ladies here present, I am sure that I shall never vote with the black race, which means, I suppose, that I shall never

vote at all, and I acquit myself of the least responsibility for the muddle we are in, and so, you may go on with the game."

"I am for Woman-suffrage," exclaimed Dr. Randolph, "since the men of the country have made such a mess of it, and, having lost almost all my respect for any civilization since the one I was born into was demolished by war and fanaticism, I now declare my new independence and am ready to march under the banner with the new device of 'Votes for Women' and the purple and white flag of the American Woman's Republic."

Hearty applause greeted this unexpected speech, and Mrs. Sutherland seemed to watch with anxiety the play of expression on the beautiful face of her daughter.

"I do not say," resumed Miss Sutherland, "as others have rashly contended, that man's government has always been a failure, and that the civilizations projected and maintained by man's unwisdom toppled to their fall by reason of his incompetency, overweening vanity, and selfish ambition: but I may be permitted to say that the absence of woman, in the strength and dignity of her unsoiled nature, as counsellor and equal authority in adapting and moulding

the sources of civilization, and in governments; in the sanctuaries and courts of religion and the church, as well as in the groundwork of civilizations, material and social, must be held primarily accountable for the long line of disastrous failures strewing the shores of human oblivion. With tender considerateness I place the responsibility for the unnatural and persistent exclusion of women from these requisites of 'Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness' upon the unwilling shoulders of men."

A murmur of disapproval greeted Miss Sutherland's bold declaration.

Taking no notice of the interruption, Miss Sutherland quietly continued: "I do not wonder that you are inclined to except to much that I am saying, and I will try and make plain what I mean.

"The history of civilizations as far back as we can go, is a record of short-lived greatness; of declines and falls; of spasmodic advancement and rapid retrogression.

"The question of how civilizations are lost is one that has always puzzled the most learned, and to-day is gnawing at the brightest minds among men. In every past civilization, for reasons known and mostly unknown, the ele-

ments of disintegration soon appeared, and in course of time they crumbled to decay and oblivion, leaving, indeed, monuments in many instances of a very high standard of culture in science, in arts, and of very deep thought in morals and religion — and in philosophy. Historic time does not show that there ever was a civilization that contained within itself the power of continuance.

“All the civilizations of which we have knowledge were the outgrowths of man’s shaping and moulding from their sources.

“In none of them was woman recognized as a co-equal creator and factor with man, either in concreting or maintaining them.

“She was classed with the tolerated but unadjustable materials, the dependencies, the subjected, — the rejected.

“Man was the integer, Woman the fraction.

“Man was the entire force, Woman, a discrete quantity, a surplus atom not reckoned in the plan — an unfit or a misfit.

“The civilization of to-day, in most of its aspects, entirely the perfect work of Man, in all its material, governmental, and conventional elements, is not unlike nor different from all past ones.

“ The claims of greatness, of progressiveness on right lines, are mostly the noise of the reeds shaken by the wind. The stridulous blasts from our vaunted and unparalleled centres of industry smother and disguise the sighs and groans of ill-paid victims — men, women, and children, — heart-piercing notes in the human dead march of a civilization bound for the ‘ Potter’s Field ’ of its hapless predecessors.

“ You will not deny that we are now struggling under diversified bondage — bondage to political, industrial, and financial taskmasters, who, fully clothed upon with the honor, the dignity, and the freedom of American citizenship, are obsessed or inspired by Egyptian principles. We are victims of unjust laws, or subservient interpretations of laws; unscrupulous usurpations of power; syndicated treasons to every natural and humane principle, in open defiance of the Constitution framed and transmitted to us by our wise and provident forefathers!

“ You will not deny that our government in its administration has, through spinal weakness and incredible supineness, or for some more occult reason, fallen among thieves. I do not charge the *personnel* of the government

administration, in any case, with being *particeps criminis*, for I can see reasons for governmental decrepitude without charging dishonor and self-seeking upon the distinguished men who are elevated to highest places by the confidence of the people.

“ Yet, one cannot escape the conviction that, in high places of trust and responsibility in behalf of all the people; in the interpretation of the laws and the administration of justice, pettifoggery is so dominant, and justice so plainly pseudo and psoric, that it ‘ smells to heaven.’

“ How long, think you, will the God of our Fathers who hath given us and the world this great Canaan-continent in which to dwell in peace and prosperity under the freest form of government that ever inspired the human mind, — how long will He look as though He saw not, and ‘ wink ’ at the chronic betrayal of every sacred trust? ”

After a pause, Mr. Poe expressed his approval of the “ indictment ” of the civilization and government as voiced by Miss Sutherland, and said he would like to know how the enfranchisement of woman could stay their dissolution.

Dr. Randolph believed that the general people, the masses of the country, especially in the Northern and Eastern States, were not so keenly alive to the glaring and deep festering facts brought before them by Miss Sutherland, and that they would only wake to the reality of the condition when some great crisis arose, and then, the democracy of the people would attack the Pluto-gods and their monuments and defences — and rid the earth of them.

Mr. Pugh was inspired to make a speech and apologized for daring to do so before he began. He said:

“We are listening to a strong presentation of the undeniable. The condition of our country in morals, in the standards of patriotism, and even in sacred matters pertaining to Holy Church, and in government, is fast approximating that of Rome in the days of Cicero, whose terrible description I will spare you and content myself with saying that it fits in almost every particular the condition of this American Republic.¹

¹ Evidently Mr. Pugh had in his mind Cicero's description of the conditions and the irrepressible conflict of his day and time in the words following:

“On the one hand are fighting Modesty; on the other, Wantonness. On the one, Chastity; on the other, Unclean-ness. On the one, Honesty; on the other, Fraud. On the

"I, for one, am not a believer in what is called a democratic form of government:— A government of the people for the people and by the people, a proverb attributed to that great Commoner, Abraham Lincoln, has never been achieved and is an impossibility.

"Elected temporary rulers of the people by the people have never risen above the altitude of those who chose them, and the frequent changes of such rulers measure the standard of the people's wisdom and virtue.

"I am not a politician and cannot, therefore, argue these matters, and no one can do so without becoming a partisan.

"I believe that the best form of government among men is that of a Constitutional Monarchy, which must ever be the Apex and perfect expression throughout of the civilization out of which it springs.

"This is the Christian age and the place

one, Piety; on the other, Wickedness. On the one, Consistency; on the other, Insanity. On the one, Honor; on the other, Baseness. On the one, Continence; on the other, Lust.

"In short, Equity, Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence, — all the virtues against iniquity with luxury; against indolence; against rashness; against all the vices.

"Lastly, *Abundance contends against destitution; good plans against baffling designs; wisdom against madness; well-founded hope against universal despair.*"

assigned to woman by our holy Christianity is her proper, that is to say, her natural place.

“Christianity brought woman out of her age-long degradation and established the *equality of the sexes*, but does not plunge her into the vortex of political strife and other whirlpools incident to material being, but consecrates her the votaress within the sacred precincts of Home first of all, its founder and protectress; and then, to all the pure and worshipful and spiritual permanencies in the life of the world — this world and the world to come.

“Indeed I may affirm that even before Christianity sent its white light into our human world, the most enlightened civilizations sought to find this true place and sphere of woman in nature and in the civilizations. Not with perfect success, it must be said, but history has many a blessed page illumined by the Madonna-like face *alone* of worshipful womanhood in far-pre-christian ages, beautiful and prophetic foretokens of the peaceful era under the benign supremacy of Christianity, wherein Woman will find her sphere and happiness as the queenly votaress serving at the sacred altars of the Home, the School, and the Church of God, and not as a voter at some political election!”

The effect of the beloved churchman's speech upon the small but intelligent company was neither disturbing nor soothing, but, on the whole, stimulative, and it was agreed that another evening should be devoted to the subject with the unanimous wish to hear Miss Truly Sutherland to a finish. The congenial company in this quiet southern home separated with the problems of the world clamoring for solution in each mind and heart. These same problems are disturbing the equilibrium of all men and of all women who sincerely serve God and love their fellowmen.

CHAPTER XIII

Civilization is nothing more than a complicated outcome of a war waged with Nature by man in Society to prevent her from putting into execution in his case her law of Natural Selection.

All men — everywhere and in all stages of progress — from states of very low to states of very high civilization — are banded together, weakly or powerfully, to fight this fight, and the measure of success which attends the struggle of each band or association so engaged is the measure of the Civilization it has attained. — Arthur Mitchell, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., in "The Past in The Present."

WOMAN IN THE large parlor in the Sutherland
CHRISTIAN erland mansion was well filled
CIVILIZATION with the elite of the neighborhood eager to hear Miss Truly Sutherland speak upon Woman and her claims to full citizenship. Quite a number were stout against "Woman suffrage," and a very few, following the example of the Reverend Mr. Pugh, whose ministry they attended, feelingly but not angrily con-

tended that for a woman to advocate such doctrine, especially a Southern-born woman of unquestionable blue blood, was to surrender all the charms and dignity of traditional womanhood and to forfeit all claims to friendly recognition by the proud exclusive dames of distinguished ancestry, whose personal qualities of character were, indeed, noble and every way worthy of their historic lineage.

But, as Miss Truly Sutherland, without opposition, easily ranked them all in these precious respects, the innovation in her case was soon considered a condescension, and so all came to the hospitable centre of grace and consecrated womanhood with receptive minds and generous hearts.

Godfather Poe was early on the scene to assist Mrs. Amalie Sutherland in receiving her guests, and to greet with old-time graciousness each comer. The Reverend Mr. Pugh found a most impressive welcome, while Dr. Randolph and several other fine spirits found refuge and some pipes with killikinick in the library for solacing fellowship before enjoying the honor of joining the group in the parlor and making their compliments to Mrs. Sutherland and Miss Truly.

Mr. Poe abruptly opened the evening by saying:

“Miss Truly, I read in my paper this morning that two great Ocean Steamers recently sailed from a New England harbor for the other side: one of them conveyed several devout woman-missionaries bound for the dark continent of Africa, there to spend their lives in teaching the natives the way of salvation; the other steamer carried in its hold, consigned to the same dark continent of Africa, TEN TUNS of New England rum.”

Miss Sutherland gravely replied: “If your paper tells the truth, Mr. Poe, then there is presented to us a fair picture and illustration of the relation between Christianity and civilization.

“The steamer bearing outward the Christian heralds of the cross of Christ Jesus in the persons of women, represents Christianity and the spirit of the Christ: the steamer carrying the New England rum to the same people represents the civilization, sometimes called Christian, of which we hear so much; how one can be the outgrowth of the other it is impossible to see. When the noble manhood of America confers upon woman full citizenship, and she

takes her place in making and in executing the laws, there will be no sending of rum to Africa to destroy the Christlike work of woman missionaries; neither will there be rum to send, for no distilleries will long exist in all this goodly land set up by criminal ignorance and protected by statute law, after woman joins the State.

WOMAN IN "Those of you," resumed Miss
ANCIENT Sutherland, "who heard the
TIMES words of our venerated spiritual father, Mr. Pugh, the other evening, will remember that he spoke of certain bright pages of pre-christian history on which the face of woman shines with beautiful lustre. A few pages are thus illuminated, but all the rest are dark indeed. At periods, in Egypt, before and in the time of Moses, indeed under all the dynasties of which we have record, women appear in exceptional light, and received honor for their wisdom, and for their devotion to justice and benevolence, and occasionally influenced greatly the throne. But these are like meteors in the sky — few, far between, and transitory.

“From the Father of History (Herodotus) we learn that woman, by and large, endured a dismal lot.

“‘Women go to market and trade; the men stay at home and weave. Woman was denied the office of priesthood for the gods of either sex, men only were counted worthy.

“‘All were burden-bearers, the men carried their burdens on their heads, the women on their shoulders.’ —

And much more to the same effect.

“In parenthesis, I will say that *now*, as to trade, government, industry and general progress, *men* carry brain-racking schemes of monopoly in their heads while millions of women stagger under crushing burdens in their hearts. Christianity rightly applied will bring about a beautiful and permanent change, and men and women will learn to ‘bear each other’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.’

“It is a pleasing thought that many of our noblest and best men in all professions and in all degrees of character and worth throughout the world, are earnestly co-operating with the best types of women to reach this consummation.

CHRISTIANITY "Mr. Pugh has reminded us
AND WOMAN that this is the Christian Age
and that the place assigned to
woman is the natural and proper one, ordaining
or declaring the equality of the sexes but
rightfully denying her any part or place in
government, except that of obedience.

"In taking issue with our spiritual guide,
whom we all love and revere, I must be ac-
quitted of the least desire for controversy.

"The fair exchange of convictions on so
great and so vital a matter should not partake
of the spirit of controversy, for the 'Power
that works for righteousness' will work out
the purposes of God whether or not our sev-
eral convictions and opinions agree together,
or coincide with or oppose the Divine Will.
And, I am sure, we are sufficiently imbued with
the Christ-spirit to render implicit obedience
to that will as it discloses itself to our com-
prehension.

"Christianity, if St. Paul's exploitation of
it is to be taken as inspired and final, does,
indeed, declare the equality of the sexes, but
in the same breath seems to limit that equality
within a very narrow range, partly spiritual
and partly conventional.

“To the Galatians, speaking of the school-master-ship of the Law, ‘which came four hundred and thirty years’ after the promise of God to Father Abraham, to ‘lead us to Christ,’ St. Paul says:

“‘All distinctions between Jew and Greek, slave and freedman, male and female, have vanished; for in union with Christ Jesus you are all one.’ (Gal. iii, 28.)

“In his Epistle to the Corinthians, St. Paul seems to fall a prey to conflicts and contradictions when defining the equality of the sexes, and appears to mix up certain superstitious customs of the Greeks with the liberty of woman under the Gospel. I cannot take the time to quote at length, preferring to send you to a new study of the Epistle itself, and perhaps our venerable teacher in spiritual things will favor us with a discourse on the obscure and contradictory sayings of the Apostle to the Gentiles, who, as it affects woman, seemed to cling to strange conceits of heathen origin.

“A few excerpts may be permissible, as for instance where St. Paul says that man

“‘“has been from the beginning the likeness of God” and the reflection of his glory, but woman is the reflection of man’s glory. For it was not

man who was taken from woman, but woman who was taken from man. Besides, man was not created for the sake of woman, but woman for the sake of man.

“ ‘And, therefore, a woman ought to wear on her head *a symbol of her subjection*, because of the presence of the *angels*.’

“ A learned commentator admits his inability to perfectly explain this passage, which rebukes the women of Corinth for speaking in public with uncovered head, and adds:

“ ‘But the question of the Veil, or exposure, *contrary to all Grecian sentiment of propriety*, was the only matter before the mind.’

“ Concerning ‘the presence of the angels’ in connection with the limitations of the equality of woman, the same authority says:

“ ‘*Because of the angels*; — according to the beautiful sentiment of the Jewish and early Church, which assigned to each individual an angel, whom they would offend by license or irreverent boldness.’

“ In a footnote this learned divine says: ‘I can find nothing more satisfactory. There are guesses about *spies* and *male* messengers, but with no historical support of authentication.’

“ In the face of all this, the learned Author and Minister goes on to say: that

“ ‘ Christianity established the equality of the sexes; and, by restoring woman to her place, removed the worst description of barbarism and inhumanity that ever poisoned the sources of civilization.

“ ‘ Slavery over a race of men, deemed inferior by caste or color, or serfs by conquest, would be light injury to the heart, in comparison with a home where the noblest affections trembled in vile dependence, and every tie of love was under gross conditions of constraint.

“ ‘ IN THE HIGHEST CIVILIZATION OF GREECE THERE LURKED THAT SAVAGE ELEMENT, AND WOMAN, EXCEPT WHEN A STAIN UPON HER NAME GAVE PUNGENCY TO PRURIENT TASTE, APPEARS NOT IN GRECIAN HISTORY.’ ”¹

The Reverend Mr. Pugh asked Miss Sutherland if she did not admit that Christianity fully emancipated woman from the painful restrictions of all former ages, especially from those imposed upon her in the highest form of Greek civilization?

He said that in Christ Jesus is neither male

¹ *Epistles to the Corinthians*, by John Hamilton Thom.

nor female, neither bond nor free, but sublime equality and only those safeguards and limits which are admittedly wise and which are answerable for protection against the degeneracy of Liberty into the grossest unnatural License, using the word "License" to cover the claims of woman in this day and time to full and free participation in the rights and duties of political life under our form of government — rights and duties only fitted for men. He concluded by saying that the equality ordained for woman by Christianity was spiritual and moral in the sight of God and not in any other sense.

Miss Sutherland replied:

"Are we to consider the rights and duties incident to what you call political life exempt from spiritual and moral elements in their nature and in their discharge?"

"Are the rights of political and governmental life vested in man because they are unspiritual and immoral and therefore beneath the spiritual purity and moral dignity of woman, who can only be degraded by assuming them? or are they to be considered so sacred, so spiritual, and so responsible, that only man, who, according to St. Paul, 'has been from the be-

ginning "the likeness of God and the reflection of His glory," 'is spiritually and otherwise qualified to exercise them!

"In that case equality of woman ordained by Christianity, appears lamentably short and insincere.

"If in the sight of God woman is man's equal spiritually and morally, how is she incompetent, and how can she be denied the right in that highest possible equality, to assume and exercise all the duties, rights, and privileges, equally with man and by his side, pertaining to a common human progress?

"Almighty God has shown His holiness, His impartiality, toward woman, by making her man's equal in every essential, not man's subject but his *equal*, a fact, which, to man's honor be it said, he generally admits; how then can he justify himself before God — and woman — in interpreting that God-given equality to mean 'subjection' to him?

"And is *this* 'the equality ordained by Christianity for woman!'

"We are taught, and we devoutly believe, that God's mercy endureth forever; is man's unfairness, not to use the harsher word, injustice, to woman, of equal duration?

“As to the emancipation of woman by Christianity, I gladly, for myself and for all women in Christian countries, recognize that fact, but within limits that are yet unchristian. The home created by the Christian spirit where love presides, is, if not altogether new to the world, the sweetest and best the world has ever known.

“Christianity has given larger freedom and many advantages to woman; but it must be deplored that a *new slavery*, whose burdens, exactions, and merciless greed, protested against but tolerated by the Church, is the most prominent and desperate characteristic of our civilization — a prowling curse spreading over the land in defiance of the laws of God, the Christ-spirit, and the common instincts of humanity, and inflicting upon men, women and children, without regard to age or sex, the anguish of perdition!

“History does not give so black a page in any past civilization — taking it all-in-all; and this slavery bears hardest upon women, not *all* women, but the vast majority composing the motherhood in every industrial and business centre whose children are compelled to enter the hard struggle of life prematurely.

“And because of this undeniable truth, de-

plored by our best men, I dare not admit that woman's condition is essentially better or conspicuously brighter and happier to-day than in the highest civilizations of pre-christian ages. I speak not so much of restraints as of compulsions where exemption is hers by Right Divine.

WOMAN "The pleas, protests, and de-
PROTESTS AND mands of woman are not fall-
WILL BE HEARD ing upon listless ears. I desire
to do justice to man in this movement, and I
am of those who believe that his reluctance to
grant suffrage to woman arises not so much
from stubborn unwillingness and selfish pride
of power as from the sincere belief that woman
is not ready for the elevation, nor, by nature,
constituted and intended for the exercise of
the rights and the discharge of the duties be-
longing to equal power in the state.

"It should be sufficient answer to all this
to point to those States and Countries where
this political power — the franchise — has, for
some time, been the possession of women, and
where they have exercised all the rights and

discharged all the responsibilities incident to equal partnership with men in the state.

"I beg to present to you from unquestionable authority a statement made by *a man*, bearing upon this point.

"'Since 1893 the women of New Zealand have had practically the same political rights as men, and yet we are told that at the present time, after nearly half a lifetime of practical experience, the New Zealanders are in the envied position of being, for their size, the healthiest, the wealthiest, the hopefulest people in the world.

"'Even those British statesmen out there who were most bitterly opposed to Womanhood Suffrage, have had to admit it has been a good and not an evil thing for the whole nation.'¹

"In the several States of our Union where women enjoy equal political rights with men, the same story can be told with brilliant embellishments honorable alike to women and men; when you hear or read the contrary, if it cannot be set down to the cries of defeated partisan rancor, I will agree to cease my efforts to convert you to the truth.

"Thanks to Christianity, woman has the

¹ *The Publishers' Circular* (Lond. Eng.). Editorial in review of *The Menace of Suffrage* by Harold Owen.

equal privilege with man to education in all its branches from the kindergarten to the university. She is emancipated from enforced seclusion, and from ignorance of all that is going on in the world.

“In her present enlightenment, with the authority and dignity of learning, she repudiates the Pauline doctrine, as interpreted by the Church, respecting the limiting of equality of the sexes to spiritual equality only.

“She modestly denies *your* interpretation, Mr. Pugh, and presents an argument you will not treat with indifference, I am sure.

“The principles and laws of nature are not set aside nor abrogated by ‘spiritual equality,’ but are in harmony therewith, and any different assumption is gratuitous, and must act as the downright repudiation of the term ‘equality.’

“In the church woman is recognized as, perhaps, the most important and efficient co-worker, although not yet conceded the right of ordination to the ministry. She stands forth the trustworthy helpmeet of every priest and minister; largely outnumbers men in service and presence; she is equally ready and qualified to enter upon fields of labor at home and

abroad requiring the deepest devotion and the ripest intellect, either as wife, or as maiden sacrificing the natural rights of sex to the higher claims of devotion to God and to humanity.

“What would become of our many mission fields throughout the world if women were to abandon them, whether to enter them for life-long labor or at home by economy and liberal gifts raising the means of support and progress?

“In educational work, by and large, it is woman who stands first as to numbers and efficiency — the universal educator of the children of the age, great of heart, capable of intellect, yet making unappreciated sacrifices in the social and economical life too dire to name; — and what toiler in any noble field is so ill-paid as the woman teachers of our youth?

“But in the creation and administration of government she is strenuously ignored. She is worthiest to educate the children but unworthy and incapable to assist in framing laws for the just government of grown-ups and children alike. She is foremost and most constant in seeking to save from perdition the uncounted millions — victims of greed, graft, and unholy appetites, culminating in crime, insanity, and suicide; but is persistently denied the right to

a voice and a vote in creating preventive laws or enforcing such as exist."

WOMAN Addressing the Rev. Mr. Pugh
OUT OF Miss Sutherland continued:
HER SPHERE "You have told us that to become a full citizen and take a patriotic and citizen's part in governing the country, is to force woman out of her natural and religious sphere. This is debatable, and history gives notable proof of the weakness of your position. Woman has never shown undue haste, in a large sense, or even purpose, to aspire beyond her natural range.

" 'There has never been shown,' says a competent authority, 'There never has been shown, on any large scale, a tendency of woman to overstep her sphere,—and the tides of ocean might sooner break from the gentle and heavenly forces that measure their benignant movements.' (Thom, on Corinthians.)

"In sacred history two prominent examples I will bring forward of God's own choosing, for your consideration, in which woman was chosen and elevated to what you must admit was a

sphere beyond that which you would limit for woman.

“When the cries of the Children of Israel went up before the Lord from their abject slavery in Egypt, He sent three persons to plan and direct their deliverance, — one of the three was a woman.

“God spake through the prophet Micah, saying:

“‘I brought thee up out of the land of Egypt, and redeemed thee out of the house of servants; and I sent before thee Moses, Aaron, and Miriam.’

Miriam, you know, was a woman.

“The next example is that of Deborah, who, in the period of the Judges, ruled over Israel forty years. This great woman led Israel out of the fearful and bloody entanglement with the people of Canaan itself, and under the wise statesmanship of Deborah great prosperity ensued, peace and happiness resulted. Israel was again delivered from bondage under the direction of a woman, and the power of the Canaanites was forever broken.

“This great woman was a poet as well as a wise governor, and her song is sacred and classic to this day:

“ ‘The inhabitants of the villages ceased (destroyed by oppression and murder), they ceased in Israel, until that I, Deborah, arose, that I, arose, a Mother in Israel.’

“ You can read all about it in the book of Judges of the Old Testament Scriptures, at your leisure.

“ I might speak of Esther and others from sacred history if need were, and I might with propriety come down into modern centuries and name a number of noble women, who, by the inspiration of God and in obedience to their own deepest convictions, pressed their way to the front in behalf of humanity, and led armies and directed governments with consummate wisdom and unapproachable devotion, but I confine myself to the examples already cited because you are true believers in the Holy Scriptures, as I am, and that no lesson contained therein can be limited to the time of its utterance, but is God’s will and God’s word for all times and for all peoples.

“ But our own age and the age immediately preceding give a plentiful proof of woman’s right, woman’s duty, and woman’s need in human affairs, and in the governing of the world; and the most brilliant pages of history

record the wise, the beautiful, and the prosperous conditions of nations, and peoples, at whose head were wise and noble women, if not leading, yet side by side with the noblest of men.

“God lives, the same God of old, and with Him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning, and the Miriams and the Deborahs, — the intelligent mothers, wives, and sisters of this day and time are sending up, and will send up to Him, their age-long prayer, girding on their armors the while. The prayer is: ‘How long, O God, how long?’

“The womanhood of the age will also work as well as pray, and by wise discussion, intelligent perseverance, and patient waiting, co-operate with Divine Justice in answering prayer.”

CHAPTER XIV

The history of mankind is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man toward woman, having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over her.

To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has never permitted her to exercise her inalienable right to the elective franchise.

He has compelled her to submit to laws, in the formation of which she had no voice.

He has withheld from her rights which are given to the most ignorant and degraded men — both natives and foreigners.

Having deprived her of this first right of a citizen, the elective franchise, thereby leaving her without representation in the halls of legislation, he has oppressed her on all sides. — From the "Declaration of Sentiments" issued by the First Woman's Rights Convention, Seneca Falls, N. Y., July 19–20, 1848.

THE FINAL "It is an inspiring event to
GREAT witness a community waking
AWAKENING up from a long sleep of indifference to vital questions — questions affecting the

welfare of society from bottom to top, and from the least unto the greatest.

“What a grand picture it is — reaching the heights of sublimity, to behold the great Nation arousing out of a torpid condition, a condition in which the essential principles and elements of civilization and governments are either forgotten or ignored.

“We are in the throes of such an awakening!

“Our marvellous materiality is top-heavy; our civilization, both material and political, — or governmental — is fast approaching the moribund state; the prevailing methods of utilizing, conserving, and distributing the vast and increasing outcomes of industry are wickedly unjust or sorely deficient; ill-regulated by unjust, or overriding just laws and establishing oligarchies in government and in the increment of the bounties of nature and the results of industries, which, under the rule of democracy, should be the common Providence of all the people.

“This is not a pessimistic view but the plain fact recognized by all and disputed by none.”

In such words Miss Truly Sutherland greeted

the brilliant company of ladies and gentlemen crowding the parlor of the Sutherland mansion, attracted hither by the noble personality of the gifted woman, but more by the deepening interest felt in the subjects so dispassionately discussed by her. From an attitude of indifference at first, and then of mild protest and opposition, being, in the minds of the proud dames of the aristocratic "hundred," almost a sad descent of woman from her traditional dignity, and in the minds of many of the chivalrous sons of great Virginians an unreasonable "tempest in a teapot," an eagerness to hear and a spirit of just judgment prevailed, and if some "came to scoff they remained to pray."

"Mr. Poe will remember that in our first conversation after my happy welcome home," continued Miss Sutherland, "the woman question, as it is called, that is, her right to suffrage, came up, and he permitted me to say that

" 'The world will never realize a true civilization, a just government, nor a thoroughly balanced democracy, until woman, equally with man, under intellectual, property, and responsible safeguards and qualifications, is fully enfranchised.' "

Mr. Poe arose and asked permission to give to the company present some account of that memorable hour, when, he said:

“ ‘Greek met Greek;’ and I might say the ancient old Spartan found discretion the better part of valor and surrendered to the seductive reasoning of a modern Athena,” and resumed his seat amidst the cheers and badinage of the gathering.

Miss Sutherland resumed: “Such is the conviction and contention of the women of this time who are pleading for their rightful place, and not women alone but for them, an uncounted number of the wisest and ablest men.

“ Mr. Pugh has said that ‘ a democratic form of government has never been achieved and is an impossibility,’ and expressed his preference for that form of government known as ‘ a constitutional monarchy.’

“ It is true that a *real* democracy of state has never been realized, and the reason is, that woman has always been excluded from any place in it except as a menial and a subject, without voice or right and only with the permission of protest. The archives of the fallen governments and lost civilizations of the world,

could they be recovered, are filled, doubtless, with the unheeded and denied protests of the enduring womanhood of all past ages.

“ I think and hope that I speak the deepest conviction of American women, that the democratic form of government is the truest and only just form of government, by which is meant, ‘ a government of the people by the people,’ a form of government in which the power, under constitutional liberty, to make laws and govern, RESIDES IN ALL THE PEOPLE INCLUDING WOMEN.

“ Such is the democratic form of government the world has never had; such is the form of government the world dreams of and yearns for; such is the form of government which, under a civilization divinely inspired for its motherhood, will surely evolve and declare itself when women equally with men are brought into its responsible unfoldment — a civilization and a government which shall develop to perfection, defying the curse of decay, and hence onward, illustrating the indissoluble union of man and woman the world over, to plant and keep and enjoy the perfect Eden of Life in which nothing shall ever hurt, injure, or destroy.”

Searching the faces of the deeply interested company and interpreting their various expressions, Miss Sutherland continued:

“ Naturally you will ask how this ‘ Utopia ’ democracy is to be brought about, and what part the women of America and the world mean to play in its achievement.

“ The shibboleth of ‘ Votes for women ’ is heard to-day in every civilized country, extending to Oriental nations, and is meeting with strenuous opposition by government powers, especially in England; by distinguished statesmen and publicists; and by organized groups of disapproving women and men. The enthusiastic forwardness of the so-called ‘ militant ’ branch of suffragists has led to serious conflicts, disclosed pitiful weakness and tergiversation in governmental circles, and caused much suffering.

“ Many women leaders have been arrested, brought before the courts, found guilty of disturbing the tranquillity and equilibrium of the nation, and a number confined in prison.

“ Without expressing an opinion upon the method of the ‘ militant ’ suffragists, it is safe to say that the women of America, almost without exception, are not in sympathy with it, will

not adopt it, while equally determined and rapidly uniting to press the battle through the opening gates by the employment of quieter and unobjectionable methods.

“ But we should bear in mind that the difference in conditions in England and America is great, and the opposition of English men — and some women — growing out of these conditions, has goaded the noble English women who are contending for the suffrage, beyond human endurance, and, while American women cannot sympathize with the ‘ militant ’ methods employed in the mother country, they *do* admit the just adequacy of the reasons thereof, and in unshakable confidence in their English sisters and in the ultimate triumph of our common cause, heartily commend and defend them before the brazen face of any anthropoid man, or the more highly developed West-End cynic.

“ Our English cousins, in large part, are still under the spell of Archbishop Whateley’s spineless aphorism,

“ ‘ Woman is a creature without reason,
Who pokes the fire from the top,’

while our American manhood is learning the truth of that saying of *Thomas Wentworth Higginson*,

“ ‘*Woman must be either a subject or an equal; there is no middle ground.*’

“ Has she been a patient and obedient subject?

“ Then recognize in her your God-given *equal* before the righteousness and honor of doing so become stale and valueless through weakness and delay.”

The Reverend Mr. Pugh at this point interjected that,

“ From all accounts the woman suffragists in America as well as in England compose but a handful compared with the millions who either make no sign of interest in, or are openly opposed to, the enfranchisement of woman.”

Miss Sutherland promptly replied that information of the opposition of American women to this movement is as uncertain as the census of voters of a political party in the state of Maine before the votes are cast. Besides, as a wise man has said, where women are concerned, the better things are implied if not spoken, and I will add, when even spoken against. I am more concerned about the banding of American men together to obstruct our cause than about the women who, for any or no reason, take no interest in it.

"To such American men I would commend a saying of Lord Bacon:

" 'A man is an ill husband of his honour that entereth into any action, the failing wherein may disgrace him more than the carrying of it through can honour him.'

"I often wonder *why* so many gentlemen view this matter as purely and *solely political*.¹ It is the political view, on the part of our opponents, honestly held by them, I believe, that will be the very last to surrender — the very last; and this because the politics of the world has become a trade or a profession — a tricky, dishonest, degrading, immoral business, and good men as well as mere politicians know that average womanhood could not touch the unclean thing and not thereby soil good character and a good name in her own consciousness.

¹ "The suffrage question is purely political, with perhaps social qualifications." — *Boston Transcript*.

This great journal administered a rebuke to the American Unitarian Association because of its action in favor of equal suffrage for woman, urged thereto by a protest of a few "distinguished women." It would be interesting to learn from so high a source what are the "social qualifications" of American voters, and especially in the rank and file of citizens. Also it would be pertinent to learn if the great moral and industrial conditions of the country which affect more seriously women than men and which can only be cleansed and bettered, primarily, by the exercise of the power of suffrage, are "purely political." — *The Author*.

“ But there are great moral and vital social as well as material principles and laws involved; indeed all the essential elements of civilization itself answerable for national and worldwide peace and for the humanities. Your mere politician and quasi-statesman are not in touch, at least, not in conscious responsible touch with these, but, like Bret Harte’s ‘ heathen Chinees,’ are expert in ‘ ways that are dark and tricks that are vain ’ in the game of politics.

“ The change going forward in the public mind in favor of the enfranchisement of woman is truly based on these facts and is strengthened and accelerated by the crying out of the spirit of civilization and the unheeded appeals for deliverance of victimized humanity.

“ By the same token, the cause which is thus advocated and sustained will triumph in the near future. Its triumph is as much a necessity as a deliverance.

TORCH - BEARERS “ I have spoken of, or rather
AND have only mentioned,” re-
TRAINING CAMPS sumed Miss. Sutherland,
after a long pause filled with agreeable gossip,
“ I have mentioned the agencies already em-

ployed by the women of America to further and achieve the end in view, namely, the complete emancipation of woman and her investiture with equal citizenship with man.

“The history of the struggle, I mean the modern phase of it, which had its stormy birth about sixty-five years ago at Seneca Falls, New York, when the first Equal Suffrage Society was formed, if I am rightly instructed, unto this most auspicious day, is more absorbing than any romance of any age.

“Thorny was the path which those pioneer women, whose names are now held in unspeakable veneration, trod.

“At first, only a few intrepid men gave countenance to the movement, and they were held in a state of abusive boycott in society, in the church, and in the state. As for the women, all the arts of ridicule, all the vials of wrath and contumely, were exhausted upon them. It is not my purpose to enlarge upon these unhappy attendants, for it is wise to bury beyond recall the bitter and relentless persecutions of a cause which has so gloriously captured the citadels of opposition (for the most part honestly put forth), made willing prisoners of the valiant army arrayed against it — convert-

ing them into noble banner-bearers and defenders!

“ *This* cause, at least, is not lost.

“ I can hold up before you nothing so beautiful nor more inspiring than a brave man converted from his errors, and showing the sincerity of his new-found faith by his redemptive works.

“ Yes; I will admit that a converted anti-suffrage woman is a very pleasing restoration, but I do not feel so much like sacrificing the ‘fatted calf’ in her honor; and because *her* opposition is generally at the sacrifice of her better intuition to begin with, while man’s is a fight to retain position and power which, he fears, — without good ground of course, — will be taken from him.

“ I was about to say, that, from a small and inauspicious beginning, this movement has broadened and deepened until it is easily the most imposing and important of this age.

“ Few persons not much interested can comprehend its magnitude.

“ Judged by occasional spasms of effort, or from a ringing address from some rostrum by a leader now and then, you get but the faintest

conception of the work planned and pressed forward, and done, for instance, by 'The National Woman Suffrage Association,' the 'International Alliance,' or by any one of the advancing State Associations of our country. It is not 'all talk' and challenges of 'Votes for women,' as many suppose. Hundreds of printing presses are busy printing journals, magazines, leaflets, solid and learned arguments by brilliant writers and wise philosophers — mostly women; and thousands of women, ranging in age from the rosy and studious miss of sixteen to the veteran grandmother of eighty and ninety full years, are engaged in distributing these advocates of progress and justice, in almost every language in the world, to each eager mind in his and her vernacular. Oh, it is a Pentecostal time and a Pentecostal outpouring of truth, no longer to be denied, no longer to be driven to corners, no longer to languish — except into living permanence!

"I am glad you have asked me where you can find the history in part, at least, of this last and victorious struggle of woman to place herself alongside of her long indifferent or alienated counterpart — man.

"It is contained in three fat volumes, tersely

written and compiled by women who bore the burdens in the heat of the day; and its editors, and the subjects of their thoughts and pens, now gone to their immortalities, bore names which will never fade from the roster of the world's real heroes.¹

"But no written history can set forth adequately the mighty forces, inspirations, and endurances which qualified the pioneer women of this movement for their super-eminent labors; but in the resistless majesty of its progress to-day we can *feel* what no hand can write and what no tongue can tell of the thoroughness of their work and the super-human wisdom that guided them.

"In addition to the National and State Associations, whose chief aim is to secure suffrage for women in all the states of the Union, there are innumerable Leagues and Clubs for women throughout our country, organized and conducted in the interests of this movement; and in these clubs the ablest minds available among women and men are enlisted to discuss the problems of government; the nature and principles of democracy; the foundation prin-

¹ *History of Woman Suffrage, 1848-1861*. Edited by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and Matilda Joselyn Gage.

ciples and essential elements of civilization, — the pillars of its integrity answerable for its development and permanency. Even in great clubs confederated for the promotion of purely social and educational studies and betterments, the suffrage question is not entirely neglected nor treated lightly.

“These schools are not found alone in the great centres of population as cities, but also in hundreds of towns and country villages, and even hamlets and remote ‘hundreds.’ They have taken the place of the singing schools of our youth; they have absorbed many select coteries of sheer pleasure-seeking; and they are fast relegating to merited obliviousness the ‘society’ interlucient clubs (between gambling and praying) for the scientific study and practice of the highly intellectual faddle of ‘Bridge Whist.’

“In these gatherings, where the purest social amenities prevail, an education is fostered and conducted, equal if not superior, because more practical and simple, to that on identical lines in the higher and endowed seats of learning which honor our country, yet intended almost exclusively for the education of our young men; so that in every community young women are

even now as well prepared, at twenty-one years of age, to vote intelligently as are the young men of the same age issuing from our colleges, universities, and industrial schools with hard-earned diplomas in their hands—and the rights of citizenship crowning their manhood.

“I would appeal to our educated and noble young men to think seriously of the injustice which excludes their mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, from what is *their* birthright.

“Taking a lower point of view, free from prejudice, in the midst of the masses of American voters, speaking different languages, honest toilers by and large, American women, who are denied the right and the honor of citizenship, are better prepared to exercise that right, *ten to one*, than the men who *do* exercise it, too often, it must be admitted and is deplored, from motives far removed from patriotism and civic honesty.”

CHAPTER XV

Whenever any form of Government fails to recognize the rights of half the governed, it is the Right of the unrecognized half to alter it or to institute a new Government, basing its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to her (woman) shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness, as well as those of the other half.

Prudence, indeed, will dictate that customs long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that woman is more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right herself by abolishing the forms to which she has been accustomed.

But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them to absolute servitude, it is her right, it is her duty, to seek by all peaceable means to bring about better conditions, and to provide new guards for her future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of woman, and such is now the necessity which constrains her to alter her former status.

The history of the Government of the United

States by man is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations to woman, all having in direct object the establishment of the subjection of woman, the tyranny of wealth and concentration of power. — From the "Declaration of Equal Rights," Adopted by the American Woman's Republic at University City, Mo., June 22, 1912.

AMERICAN A REPUBLIC within a republic,
WOMAN'S "a wheel in the middle of a
REPUBLIC wheel," and "the spirit of the
living creature is in the wheels," as the
prophet saw the ideal working, from his mount
of vision before the dawning of the Christian
era.

Time figures but meanly in the purposes of
God, for with Him "one day is as a thousand
years and a thousand years as one day."

So it is that out of the dust of all past civiliza-
tions, ground fine in the mills of God, this living
wonder of achievement moves, and as it moves
all things move in unison.

Cowper sang:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

But there is always a man or two, and legions of women, to take His hand when He lights upon human ground to found His rule and to consummate His purpose.

There always is, in the mind and
ZERUBBABEL choice of God, a wise, inspired, courageous, human interpreter, skilled to do, patient to endure the contradiction of sinners in power, and firm to withstand the assaults of all temporal and satanic powers.

Zerubbabel is his name, for names, especially ancient and Bible names, are symbolical. Not always a man, often a woman.

The Zerubbabel of the American Republic, who is everywhere worshipfully regarded as "The Father of his Country," was George Washington.

The Zerubbabel of the Reformation was — Martin Luther.

The Zerubbabel of the revival of Christianity in earnest, under the banner of Methodism, was — John Wesley.

The Zerubbabel of the destruction of American slavery of the black race was — Abraham Lincoln, who said: "In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free — hon-

orable alike in what we give and what we preserve."

The Zerubbabel, in direct succession, of the emancipation of woman is — *Edward Gardner Lewis*.

Quite as significant is this name for Mr. Lewis as for any other co-worker with God, since the original Zerubbabel lived and wrought, whether you have in mind the son of Shealtiel, who with his brethren "*builded the altar of the God of Israel*" (Ezra, iii, 2); or that Zerubbabel unto whom the word of the Lord came with power saying, "*Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts,*" and before whose vision loomed up a great mountain challenging his progress. Confronting the mountain, he said: —

"*Who art thou, O great mountain?*" (It might have answered, —

"I am the Post Office Department of the United States Government.")

"*Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain: and he shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying, GRACE, GRACE UNTO IT.*"

And, moreover, the prophet said: "*The word of the Lord came unto me, saying, The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this*

house; his hands shall also finish it; and thou shalt know that the Lord of Hosts hath sent me unto you.

"For who hath despised the day of small things? for they, the faithful women of the world, shall rejoice, and see the plummet in the hands of Zerubbabel with those seven." (Zech. iv.)

I am not an interpreter of prophecy; but a novice, who can read only simple lines, can see that when the American Woman's Republic was founded on the 22nd of June, 1912, this prophecy was beautifully fulfilled. Besides, look you, and listen:

Here is a story worth telling, about the Jewish prince-royal, Zerubbabel, as recorded in 1st Esdras: when he had a controversy with two of King Darius' body-guard (perhaps one was the postmaster general, and the other the atty. general of King Darius' Post-Office Department) concerning the future of Jerusalem and the king's obligations to reconstruct and preserve it.

The question was: which is the strongest thing in the world? The king promised great favor to the one who gave the best answer:

The first wrote and contended, that "*Wine is the strongest.*"

This young politician and office holder was, doubtless, convivial, and given to pretensions of power and freedom.

The second young man wrote: "*The king is the strongest.*"

The third young man wrote: "*Women are the strongest; but above all things, Truth beareth away the victory.*"

This third young man, who captivated King Darius by his great saying — especially connecting woman with the triumph of truth, was *Zerubbabel*.

At the risk of seeming prolix, I will give Zerubbabel's argument before the king, and I am sure you will see many points in Zerubbabel's argument before King Darius, to remind you of Mr. Lewis' (our Zerubbabel) defence, and the presentations of woman's cause before government inquisitors inflamed against him, and before the American nation, which will ever stand firm as its perceptions of justice are cleared, in favor of every right claimed for and by American women.

This is the report of Zerubbabel's contention in behalf of woman:

"Then the third, who had spoken of women,

and of truth (this was Zorobabel) began to speak.

“O sirs, is not the king great, and men are many, and wine is strong? who is it then that ruleth them, or hath lordship over them? are they not women?

“Women hath borne the king and all the people that bear rule by sea and land. Even of them came they: and they nourished *them* up that planted vineyards, from whence the wine cometh.

“These also make garments for men; these bring glory unto men; and without women cannot men be. Yea, and if men have gathered together gold and silver and every other goodly thing, and see a woman which is comely in favor and beauty, they let all those things go, and gape after her, and even with open mouth fix their eyes fast on her; and have all more desire unto her than unto gold or silver, or any goodly thing whatsoever. A man leaveth his own father that brought him up, and his own country, and cleaveth unto his wife.

“And with his wife he endeth his days, and remembereth neither father, nor mother, nor country.

“By this also ye must know that women

have dominion over you:—do ye not labor and toil, and give and bring all to women? Yea, a man taketh his sword, and goeth forth to make outroads, and to rob and to steal, and to sail upon the sea and upon the rivers; and looketh upon a lion, and walketh in the darkness; and when he hath stolen, spoiled and robbed, he bringeth it to his love.

“Wherefore a man loveth his wife better than father or mother. Yea, many there be that have run out of their wits for women, and become bondmen for their sakes.

“Many also have perished, have stumbled, and sinned, for women. And now do ye not believe me? is not the king great in his power? do not all regions fear to touch him?

“Yet did I see him and Apame the king’s concubine, the daughter of the illustrious Bartacus, sitting at the right hand of the king, and taking the crown from the king’s head, and setting it upon her own head; yea, she struck the king with her left hand: and therewithal the king gaped and gazed upon her with open mouth: if she laughed upon him, he laughed also; but if she took any displeasure at him, he was fain to flatter, that she might be reconciled to him again.

“O sirs, how can it be but women should be strong, seeing they do thus?”

“Then the king and the nobles looked one upon another: so he, Zerubbabel, began to speak concerning truth.

“O sirs, Are not women strong? great is the earth, high is the heaven, swift is the sun in his course, for he compasseth the heavens round about, and fetcheth his course again to his own place in one day.

“Is *he* not great that maketh these things? therefore great is truth, and stronger than all things.

“All the earth calleth upon truth, and the heavens blesseth her: all works shake and tremble, but with her is no unrighteous thing. Wine is unrighteous, the king is unrighteous, women are unrighteous, all the children of men are unrighteous, and unrighteous are all such their works; and there is no truth in them; in their unrighteousness also they shall perish. But truth abideth, and is strong for ever; she liveth and conquereth forevermore. With her there is no accepting of persons or rewards; but she doeth the things that are just, and refraineth from all unrighteous and wicked things; and

all men do well like of her works. Neither in her judgment is any unrighteousness; and she is the strength, and the kingdom, and the power, and the majesty, of all ages.

“Blessed be the God of truth.

“And with that he held his tongue.”

— 1 *Esdra*s, iii.

You will not wonder that, after such a speech, Zerubbabel was honored by the king. He was, indeed, and ever after he was known as “the king’s cousin.”

I have named three persons called Zerubbabel, but it is perhaps true that the three were *one*.

THE MAN, THE CAUSE, A little over a decade
THE CONFLICT, THE ago, a young man
TRIUMPH might have been
seen, a short distance from the limits of the
City of St. Louis, Mo., looking over a tract
of land seemingly pre-empted by cows and
other quiet creatures for pasturage and rest-
ing grounds. The young man, destitute of
almost everything but brains and genius,
was looking for a suitable place in which to

plant a big idea that was swelling in his brain, and as his restless eyes took in this bit of waste land, a voice spoke within him, saying, "this is the chosen spot." The young man was Edward Gardner Lewis. He was little known then; poor, ambitious, well educated, with a most extensive and wonderful Utopia floating in his Field of vision. He could find no bounds to this ideal. It stretched from the rising to the setting of the sun. And yet, its permanent centre seemed to be the bit of unattractive vacant land before him. A spirit surveyor seemed to be setting his Jacob-staff here and there on the cow-pasture, and straightway one massive structure after another arose before his perception, until a great institution stood forth in the midst of a city of splendor and consequence. Art came and abided in all her beauty in a home resplendent with ancient and modern treasures, and inspired pencils in invisible hands began to sketch a glorious future. Science came and settled in solid natural form within what seemed eternal palaces chiseled out of material Nature's first rocks below the red-sandstone, pillared and polished beyond known art, with prophetic lily-work adorning the tops of the pillars.

Education came, and in the very midst of all established her great university in a magnificent and durable structure. Every branch of learning, like silvery and golden streams, issued and bounded forth in all directions, irrigating the whole world, and making every human desert blossom as the rose, but this phase of the young man's vision took on a beautiful garment of symbolism and represented in unutterable simplicity the universal motherhood, not of peoples alone but of every good, and lo! the founders and chief artificers of the great university for the future education of human childhood were women.

Many other and exquisite things projected themselves out of the surrounding eternity — *parte-ante* — *parte-post* — parturient, but this book would swell into many should I try to set them down in order.

Presently there loomed up before the young man's astonished but gratified gaze, a splendid printing palace filled with the most modern, the best, and the costliest machinery, with automatic type-setters of all written and spoken languages, and the majestic, harmonious roar of these clattering tongues of progress drowned the cumulative expanding whispers from the

air beneath the sky, which, according to Professor Babbage are the echoes of women's voices ringing round and round the world since time began. The great printing presses, for the first time in history consecrated to woman's right, and woman's need, and woman's work in every department of life, spinning off great sheets by the million, filled with words of hope, good cheer, prophecy and triumph — healing leaves for the nation, for all nations — fluttered about the young man like carrier doves from past time and from heaven; and he said: *It shall be.*

And it has come to pass.

But how was this young man to begin? An inventory of his personal possessions revealed the stunning truth that, apart from the wealth of the idea burning in his brain, and the splendor of the vision opening before his dreamy eyes, his cash available amounted to a little over *one dollar!*

When the multitudes of men, women and children surrounding the Master clamored for bread, a lad was found with five loaves and two small fishes, and one said sadly, but what are these wherewith to feed so many: the Master thought differently and commanded

the thousands to be seated at the lakeside and sent His disciples with the loaves and the fishes to feed the multitude. It looked like a very puny affair, but as the bread was broken in the hand of the distributors it grew apace, and grew, and grew, in the hand, because the thought of the Master was divine yeast in the bread, — and all the people were fed, and many scraps were left over for the humble beasts which might be gliding about.

History repeats itself — especially miraculous history. This young man, brought up religiously in his reverend father's manse and under the unfailing intuition of his devout mother, perhaps thought about the "Earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," and stepping out upon nothing found his dollar possessed of magic, and beneath his feet solid ground.

He managed to begin to purchase and to build; to print and to publish; and soon the small sheet of his announcement to the world took the world by the ears. Like "Mr. Finney's turnip that grew behind the barn — it grew, and it grew — and it grew."

The story is too long to be told here, but you can find it in a great book which you will make

haste to get, and I promise you many surprises while you forget to sleep because of the absorbing story which you will read — and read — and read.¹

This young enthusiast made
THE WORK friends who rallied to his standard after they had become somewhat acquainted with his purpose, although that purpose was hazy enough in its initial unfoldment. Money also rolled in from all parts of the country and from a very small beginning the way opened wide.

The Lewis Publishing Company was formed, a great printing house was erected, and the small sheet rather poorly printed evolved eventually into a *Woman's National Daily*, clean, aggressive, well edited, which found its way into tens of thousands of homes until its paid circulation exceeded the most pretentious journals of the day. Other publications followed; *The Woman's Magazine*, *The Woman's Farm Journal*, and *Beautiful Homes* — all appealing with winsome grace to the thoughtful women of the nation.

¹ *The Siege of University City, or the Dreyfus Case of America*, by Sidney Morse. University City Publishing Co., Mo.

Hundreds of thousands of these publications like winged messengers flew from the tireless presses daily and monthly, until the local Post-office and its department officials began to take notice, to wonder, and to suspect evil. Rival publishers, near-by and far off, began to envy and obstruct, and soon the wicked green eye of detraction saw nothing but fraud, graft, and hypocrisy, where only truth, honor, and integrity wrote and edited the millions of sheets, and ran the mighty presses. Persecutions began, and government — national government — largely influenced by the syndicates of treason to the people and to every good, was made *particeps criminis* in a well laid scheme to suppress and destroy this terrible innovation.

In the meantime the ideal worked itself into greater form and materiality, the workmen and workwomen building better than they knew.

The American Woman's League was organized, and became a great army of intelligent, progressive women, rich, industrious, and country-wide. Thousands of the long-suffering but hopeful women dwelling in every state of the Union, whose intuition hailed this movement with confidence, joined it, and made it a unique

power for every overlooked or ignored principle and method answerable for material, intellectual, political, and social progress, without encroaching upon any field occupied by other noble organizations of women, state or national.

One magnificent building after another lifted its proud dome above the one-time cow-range, and a city which no longer could be hid — a new Jerusalem — gladdened the heart of Zerubabel and his faithful co-workers. One noble structure alone cost over a quarter of a million of dollars to build and equip, which is now the capitol building of the American Woman's Republic.

In this enduring monument of woman's wisdom may be found the Ark of the New Covenant; the immortal scroll of those who founded this last and best centre of power; the seat of uncorruptible justice; the council-chambers of the first true democratic pattern of government the world has ever known — an object-lesson for eyes which can see and for ears which can hear.

A people's United States Bank was created in accordance with law, whose new plans of procedure met the needs of thousands of humble

depositors, and which soon became a rankling innovation in the psoric sides of great selfish monopolies of finance, arousing bitterest, unrelenting opposition, ostensibly under cover of law — the hand of unholy craft in government gloves stretched out to uproot and destroy.

Then came the University with its schools conducted by the wisest and most efficient masters in every branch of true education for women (men not barred) and their children, within the reach of the humblest member of the League, and numbering its earnest scholars, local and corresponding, by thousands at least, and new applicants from almost every corner of the civilized world. This is not the place to enter upon particulars, nor is this writer competent to do so, although knowing much of them.

Here is the picture you will gaze upon with favor and thanksgiving unless you are a cynical man or an unnatural woman: — A University City with industrial, educational, and government buildings of massive and artistic designs and material, costing, including equipment and permanent publications, millions of money (you cannot estimate in money the spirit and the inspiration and the perseverance of the builders) to plan and build. You will pardon

me if I borrow again from an ancient prophet to make my meaning plain as we together contemplate this new city, founded in wisdom, built up with ideal devotion, consecrated to highest human uses, the Mecca and the Haven of Hope for the women of this land, — and the prophecy of unspeakable things to come: —

“Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities: Thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation; a Tabernacle that shall not be taken down; Not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. But there the glorious Lord will be to us a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby. For the Lord is our Judge; the Lord is our Lawgiver; the Lord is our King; He will save us.” (Isa. xxxiii, 20.)

A great American statesman, not so many years ago, anxious for the peace and prosperity of his country, and predicting the glorious things which are now coming to pass after conflict, depression, and crucial tests of the principles of our American democracy of life and government, soared like an eagle of eloquence into the empyrean of uttermost human good, and from his lips dropped honied words which may fittingly be repeated here and now: —

“ Here should bend the patriotic ardor of the land, the ambition of the statesman, the efforts of the scholar, the persuasive influence of the press, the mild persuasion of the sanctuary, the early teaching of the school.

“ Here, in ampler ether and diviner air, are untried fields for exalted triumphs, more truly worthy the American name than any snatched from rivers of blood.

“ War is known as the last reason of kings. Let it be no reason of our republic. Let us renounce and throw off forever the yoke of a tyranny more oppressive than any in the annals of the world. As those standing on the mountain-tops first discern the coming beams of morning, let us, from the vantage-ground of liberal institutions, first recognize the ascending sun of a new era! Lift high the gates, and let the King of glory in; the King of true glory — of Peace!

“ It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story, that there was at least one spot, the small island of Delos, dedicated to the gods, and kept at all times sacred from war. No hostile foot ever sought to press this kindly soil; and the citizens of all countries here met, in common worship, beneath the aegis of inviolable peace.

“So let us dedicate our beloved country; and may the blessed consecration be felt, in all its parts, everywhere throughout its ample domain!

“The Temple of Honor shall be surrounded, here, at last, by the Temple of Concord, that it may never more be entered through any portal of war; the horn of abundance shall overflow at its gates; the angel of religion shall be the guide over its steps of flashing adamant; while within its enraptured courts, purged of violence and wrong, Justice, returned to the earth from her long exile in the skies, with mighty scales for nations as well as for men, shall rear her serene and majestic front; and by her side, greatest of all, Charity, sublime in meekness, hoping all and enduring all, shall divinely temper every righteous decree, and with words of infinite cheer shall inspire those good works that cannot vanish away.” — *Charles Sumner*.

“Scripture,” says the Baron of
THE CONFLICT Verulam, “calleth envy an evil
eye; and the astrologers call
the evil influences of the stars evil aspects; so
that still there seemeth to be acknowledged, in
the act of envy, an ejaculation, or irradiation

of the eye: nay, some have been so curious as to note, that the times when the stroke or percussion of an envious eye doth most hurt, are, when the party envied is beheld in glory or triumph; for that sets an edge upon envy: and, besides, at such times the spirits of the person envied do come forth most into the outward parts, and so meet the blow. . . . It is also the vilest affection, and the most depraved; for which cause it is the proper attribute of the devil, who is called, — ‘The envious man, that soweth tares amongst the wheat by night;’ as it always cometh to pass, that envy worketh subtly, and in the dark, and to the prejudice of good things, such as is the wheat.”

Among men this dire attribute of the devil is as reprehensible as possible, and often works the utter discomfiture and destruction of honest men and their honest affairs through pliant knaves who wickedly stop at nothing to compass their ends.

By this power, working sometimes lawfully by unlawful means, great estates and mighty monopolies have grown up in our country, to the scandal of the government and the detestation of the whole world.

One of the sad aspects of this condition, is, that many of these scandalous monuments, sometimes lauded as mighty industrial achievements, or happy combination of interests, cover and mark the destruction of smaller and honest concerns, which, either through malice, envy, or overmastering greed, are swept away.

Our government in all its departments, both state and national, is supposed to guard with honest care and impartiality all the interests of the people, great and small, and especially to prevent unlawful combinations in business, and fraudulent actions on the part of citizens. There are those who will say, that the government is squint-eyed toward great combinations of fraud and greed, but stern and swift against "little foxes" that might "spoil the grapes" for the favored predatory thieves. However this may be, it should be the function of government in all its administration, to foster and perfect morality, and safeguard honesty and justice with omnipotent impartiality. When government turns politician with a hunger for "*persimmons*," it can no longer shape its tongue to pronounce *Shibboleth* for Justice and Truth, but *Sibboleth* for double-dealing and

profit-sharing in fraud, and every unholy alliance.

The publishing concern established by Mr. Lewis at University City, was the early object of attack by the officials of the Post Office Department of the government.

This most powerful and most useful arm of the government was presided over at that time by a young politician, a close friend of the President, and was looked upon by many as one of the coming statesmen of the country, which began to feel the sad dearth of this important human commodity.

The promise in the bud is not fulfilled in the flower. It will probably never be really known how the Post Office Department became convinced that the publications of The Lewis Publishing Company were fraudulent, unclean, and inimical to the virtuous mail service of the Post Office Department, and pathogenetically, from a moral point of view, dangerous to the hundreds of thousands of their readers. Keen searchers of evidence were selected and sent forth secretly by the law officer of the Department, and, like the noble Romans of ancient days, these astute human ferrets found the way, or *made one*, to the evidence required.

It was an adroit affair, and the success of it lies in its inquisitive ubiquity and simulated omniscience rather than in what it eventually disclosed. Certain plain-spoken citizens are rash enough to declare their belief that, from the first, this adventurous publisher and dreamer of great reforms and things was *persona non grata* to distinguished individuals in the Post Office Department, whose real employers were the owners of great interests outside, and whose revenues, unjustly obtained through exquisite connivance with "gentlemen" in office, and deftly disposed of by a satisfactory method of "addition, division, and silence," — a *non sequitur* of political philosophy belonging to the *genus, quantity continuous*, — were seriously threatened by the success of Mr. Lewis and his co-partners.

It is permitted to you, my reader, to think so, if, after examining the voluminous evidence (?) submitted by the Law Department of the Post Office Department, you are so inclined; but, since the stout champions of the Post Office Department's contentions have been beaten to "a frazzle" — to quote distinguished authority — perhaps you will serve truth as well by just putting yourself in the place of Mr. Lewis at

the end of the seven years' struggle against the ill-advised inquisitors of the Post Office Department, — taking comfort in the wise saying of a true philosopher: —

“ There is no man who doth a wrong for the wrong's sake, but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honor, or the like; therefore why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong, merely out of ill nature, why, yet it is but like the thorn or brier, which prick and scratch, because they can do no other.”

The unlooked-for came to pass in the form of a “ Fraud Order ” issued by the Post Office Department against Mr. Lewis and his Publishing Company, the immediate effect of which was the refusal of mail facilities and the indefinite suspension of publication.

The right of appeal was yet good, but the ear to hear seemed to go suddenly deaf. Submission, surrender, confession, and such like opportunities only, seemed open to the prejudged criminal. Dexterity and confidence characterized the Post Office officials, and conscious integrity and moral backbone re-

maintained the chief asset of the accused. But suddenly deprived of resources and confused by indictment after indictment, with all his honestly conceived plans smitten to the dust, and the iron portals of the penitentiary grimly staring him in the face, and a hundred other well-planned proceedings against this almost paralyzed young man and the tens of thousands of those, mostly women, who had trusted and yet trusted him, — who were powerless at the moment to extend material aid, his private and official mail being secretly and unlawfully detained, — he, conscious of unsullied innocence and unassailable integrity, tearfully gazing upon the unparalleled ruin wrought by a power which of right should be his protection, and with unshaken faith in the ultimate justice of the government, — elected to fight the oppressor as David did Goliath.

His declaration of innocence was the first blow. His stern defiance, and demand for rigid and open investigation, and his just denunciation of the skulking methods of the sleuths of an unlawful inquisition, was the second blow, and surprised Goliath.

It was a good time to remember the word of the Lord sent to Zerubbabel, — “Not by

might nor by power but by my spirit saith the Lord." And thus the battle was joined; the whole machinery, force, power, and money of the Government within the province of the Post Office Department and the Department of Justice, were hurled against this unmoved, upright citizen.

Seven years the battle raged, with never a sign of cessation upon the part of the government, and never a sign of flinching on the part of the citizen. Twelve indictments were found (such as they were) or forced against him. All his resources were cut off. Every institution founded by his wisdom, energy, and the co-operation of scores of thousands of American women and many noble men was summarily closed, and properties which cost millions of dollars to possess were forced into the hands of a receiver. The ugly legend, FRAUD was flashed by government lightning and blazed in the sky above University City, and thousands of fools cried "Aha! aha!" as they gazed, not knowing why.

As the battle raged year after year, and the weapons so dexterously employed by the expert foils-men (or should I say spoils-men?) of the government splintered in their guilty hands,

courage and confidence returned to many fearful souls, and the single champion of honor, right, and justice was reinforced by legions, while the "stars in their courses" fought against the false accusers, and the criminal betrayers of the best government on the earth.

Every good American citizen
TRIUMPH can feel nothing but pride when
he contemplates the zeal of the
Post Office Department in running to earth
the innumerable publication swindles and ob-
scene literature and pictures which frequently
flood the country.

The success of the Law Department of this
branch of public service is an enduring monu-
ment to its efficiency.

Mistakes are not often made, and when made,
one is not disposed to judge harshly: because
the spirit of justice is neither malicious nor
malevolent; it does not persecute for any
cause, but prosecutes real offenders and pun-
ishes them for their crimes for the protection
and peace of society.

It is a matter of sincere regret, to this writer

at least, that it is impossible to commend the spirit and methods of the government in the case under view. The element of malice seemed to enter at the very first into the prosecution of Mr. Lewis.

From poorly founded suspicion, conviction was assumed before proper investigation and trial. The wisest High Chancellor England ever had, said of suspicion, —

“There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little. Suspicions that the mind of itself gathers are but buzzes; but suspicions that are artificially nourished, and put into men’s heads by tales and whisperings of others, have stings.”

The charges against the Lewis Publishing Company at University City; the People’s United States Bank, the American Woman’s League, and against Mr. Lewis personally, were all tried, the innocent defendants found guilty, and destroyed (at least for the time), in the unauthorized court of Suspicion: and later this verdict bundled and obtruded itself into the United States Courts where the defendants were brought to trial for things more precious than life.

The most unusual and reprehensible thing

that was ever paraded before an intelligent jury, abasing the government, and bringing a blush to the face of justice, occurred at this trial; it was when the United States judge post-scripted his charge to the jury by a speech against the defendant, and almost ordered that jury to find, and bring to him a verdict of guilty, the evidence for the government prosecution being absurdly deficient. It has not transpired that that unworthy judge has been impeached, censured, suspended, or removed, for his malignant travesty of honor and justice.

The jury, however, made just amends, and brought in a true verdict for the defendant in unutterable silence — not a word. The silence of the jury rebuked the unjust judge; declared the defendant innocent of the crimes charged against him; that he was not a fraud, nor were his publications fraudulent, nor was his subscription list, aggregating hundreds of thousands of names, padded and unpaid; that every dollar, running beyond the million mark, was properly accounted for, and was not stolen from the trustful women of the land by this arch thief; and, by implication at least, boldly declared that the government was guilty

of hounding to destruction and infamy a good man and a loyal citizen, — guilty of putting to shame and untold loss scores of thousands of the best women in the land!

Was ever silence so eloquent and golden?
And so the trial ended.

There was a time, when the administration of justice depended solely upon the wisdom, the honor, and the discretion of the learned judge, who might be a Jeffreys, or a Marshall, — the one substituting his depraved self for law; the other, the wise, humane, and just interpreter; the one “turning judgment into worm-wood,” the other aware of “hard constructions, and strained inferences,” and that there is “no worse torture than the torture of laws.” Happily, our American Judiciary has been disgraced with very few Jeffreys, and enriched and honored by many John Marshalls; but it seems, that in this unparalleled case which we are considering, a Jeffreys or two would *abound* (may they become as obsolete as the word which fits their obtrusiveness).

It is more than a pleasure to refer to another United States judge — one of the Marshall type — who presided over one trial of Mr. Lewis (twelve indictments in all were conjured

against him) in which he was arraigned for fraudulent use of the mails.

This judge refused to degrade his court and his character, and ordered the jury to bring in a verdict of "Not guilty," and then said:

"It is all-sufficient for me to say, in conclusion, that after carefully reviewing the evidence, the Court is of the opinion that the evidence of the good faith of the defendant (Mr. Lewis) is overwhelming, and that the charge of a fraudulent purpose in devising and carrying this scheme into effect is not sustained." This judicial representative of the government — the prosecutor in this case — measures well up to the standard set by Lord High Chancellor of England, Bacon, who said that, "A judge ought to prepare his way to a just sentence, as God useth to prepare *his* way, by raising valleys and taking down hills; so when there appeareth on either side a high hand, violent prosecution, cunning advantages taken, combination, power, great counsel, then is the virtue of a judge seen to make inequality equal; that he may plant his judgment as upon an even ground."

CONGRESSIONAL ACTION It is not probable that when the Post Office officials under orders from the Postmaster General began their crusade against the Lewis institutions at University City, they even dreamed that eventually their scheme and its methods would become a matter of Congressional investigation; on the contrary it is very evident to those who have studied the matter, probed into its animus, and followed clues to the almost certain corrupt sources of its inspiration, — outside official limits, — they felt sure, that there would be little or no resistance, but a quick begging for quarter and the too common offer of settlement. The unsafe and unsane plan was adopted — the plan of the house-breaker and the assassin, — be secret — give no warning — strike first — and deadly — there will be no afterwards.

But these astute preservers of government purity and honor did not know the character of the man and the spirit behind him inspiring many thousands of the noblest women of the country, and a goodly number of honorable men. They only saw great prosperous institutions requiring extraordinary mail facilities, and the creation of remarkable activities re-

quiring millions of money to run; and the "peeping Toms" discovered that the incoming letters, exceeding in number the aggregate of many business firms in the great city, passing through the local post office to Mr. Lewis, were as rich in currency as the Spanish galleons of romance were in doubloons. Whisperers were not wanting who claimed to know more of this wonderful business than they cared to make plain — *unless!*

Wreckers are a mean class of criminals whether they are wreckers of character, of industry, or of human rights, and the cohesive power that binds them together is plunder.

The blow was delivered as we have seen, in strict accordance with the code of high-class wreckers, but the thing struck proved solidier than the sledge, and more fearless than the sledgers because it was personified and concrete integrity, — an integrity worthy of government emulation and honor, and stronger than the "gates of hell."

The Post Office Department did not ask the interference of the Congress, but struggled hard and desperately to prevent such an investigation as Congress might ordain, for it was Mr. Lewis and his co-workers and the institutions

doomed to destruction by the insensate wreckers, ostensibly acting under government orders, — the Lewis Publishing Company, the American Woman's League, and the People's United States Bank, that carried the whole matter to the Congress, charging conspiracy and unlawful conduct upon the part of officials of the Post Office Department, and asking Congress to inquire into the matter in the interest of justice and for the honor of the government. The Congress heard and acted, and a very able committee was appointed, known as the "*Ashbrook Committee*." This movement upon the part of the Congress caused much concern in the wreckers' camp, and, in a fit of expiring desperation, they tried to forestall the Committee and render its possible investigation less important by bringing Mr. Lewis again before the court under the twelfth indictment, thus by a long trial of an alleged criminal to delay the action, if they could not destroy the very foundation, of the Committee.¹

My readers know the result of this last trial

¹ While this book was being set up this final trial came to an end. It lasted a number of weeks, was presided over by a most eminent Judge whose impartiality was perfect, and heard by a jury of exceptional intelligence.

The result was acquittal with reverberating emphasis. Stat.

of Mr. Lewis was in every sense a triumphant vindication. It remains briefly to declare the action of the Ashbrook Committee. Perhaps no investigation ordered by the Congress was ever so minutely and exhaustively carried forward as this one.

The Committee began its investigation July 12, 1911, and continued its arduous and scrutinizing work for nearly a year, examining every item of record, many witnesses, including the official records of the Post Office Department and the officials themselves, and their singular and ill-defended methods of procedure, with unswerving impartiality, probity, and patience beyond praise.

The testimony thus obtained filled seven thousand pages.

At the close of this exhaustive investigation, culminating with a searching examination of Mr. Lewis himself — his motives, his plans; his methods, his genius such as no man of affairs underwent before in this age, — an examination conducted with consummate skill and gentleness, — the Chairman, the Honorable Mr. Ashbrook, feelingly expressed his mind, to be made part of the record, in most emphatic and noble words.

He declared that Mr. Lewis was one of the most remarkable men of the time, and further declared, —

“ I do not hesitate to express it on the record that I do not know wherein you ” (looking into the moist eyes of Mr. Lewis) *“ have done anything with intent to do wrong or defraud.”*

CHAPTER XVI

Marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labors and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world. — *Bishop Taylor.*

ABOUT NERVES WHEN Dr. Thistle Randolph **AND THE** parted from Mr. Poe, in the **NERVE TO LOVE** manner described in a previous chapter and betook himself to the stable to commune with his horse, he made the discovery that he was quite nervous.

Physicians are not supposed to be conscious of nerves in their own bodies; and it is not too much to say, that for the first time in his life, Dr. Randolph was a puzzle to himself.

Stroking the sleek neck of Selim, the beautiful, well bred animal which was the mute companion of his daily rounds, he confided his thoughts to his favorite, in language like this:

“Selim, I am either sick, or I am a fool.

“You will be surprised to hear that I was meanly rude to James Madison Poe, my best and oldest friend. It’s all about that confounded dog, Ranger, who never misses the chance to have his ears pulled, and his head stroked by Miss Truly. I never could bear to see a dog caressed by a woman anyway; but it never worried me as it does in this case. It’s on my nerves, so it is; and you will have to give me a good gallop to cool me off, and prepare me to make suitable apologies to Mr. Poe.

“I ought to see Miss Truly and Mrs. Sutherland, before we go; but I reckon I am too nervous to undertake that; so, down with your head, and be bridled.”

In this manner did Dr. Randolph confide his condition to the intelligent horse, easing his own feelings the while; and in a few minutes, horse and rider were in full gallop on the road to Withersville; and thence, over the hills and through the dales of the beautiful Roanoke region, until the midnight stars shone forth.

Next morning, Dr. Randolph invited himself to take breakfast with Mr. Poe, during which the following interesting conversation took place.

"Poe, I wish you were a doctor, a Nerve Specialist, a learned Anthropologist, or a veritable Neurological Master; for then, you could consult my nerves and my mental condition, and find some excuse for my infernal rudeness to you yesterday evening, for which I beg to make humble and sincere apology."

"Fuss and feathers, Thistle, my boy; we love each other too much for you, intentionally, to give, or for me to receive, offence; and there is no need of apology for any hasty word, or thoughtless act of yours — not to me. I confess to a little surprise at the sudden change in your manner, yesterday; but I think I am Neurologist enough to diagnose the serious nervous complaint from which you suffer; and I am sufficiently your friend to deeply sympathize; for long ago, my boy, I had the same complaint, and I am not well over it yet."

Another waffle was silently eaten by these two good men; each, in his way, indulging in the unspeakable; — the older, looking back over a generation, into the sweetest face on

earth or in heaven, glorified with a love that time or eternity shall not lessen.

Mr. Poe broke the silence:

“By the way, Thistle, how many kinds of nerves are there in the human body?”

“Technically speaking, Poe, nerves in the human body are of two kinds, or are classed as two systems, — one called voluntary, and supposed to be under the control of the will; the other, called involuntary, or sympathetic, the control of which is, so far as we know, unaccountable. That is to say, the sympathetic nerves of the human body do not seem to be subject to the control of the human will, or to any influence for which I have a name.”

“How are they distinguished, one from another? and are they friendly, neighborly, or antagonistic?”

“Science makes many distinctions between the voluntary, and the involuntary, or sympathetic Nerves; and Anatomy shows that, while they ramify the body in close alliance, and side by side, so to speak, the one set are deeper laid, while the other go gleefully, or otherwise, along, near the surface, — organic responsables.

“These are more easily manipulated, are

vastly more sensitive to influences, and are really answerable for all kinds of hysteria, uncanniness, hallucinations, grumpiness, — and for whatever the trouble is that now possesses me.”

“You say that the sympathetic nerves are not subject to the control of the will; then, pray, what power does control them, — or do they go as they please?”

“Just so, Mr. Poe; and our Science has not yet discovered, for a fact, the controlling power of the sympathetic nerves of the human body. They are easily affected, too easily, I may say, by almost any kind of vagrant influence, whim, or fancy; and drive their victims helter-skelter, headlong, seemingly without direction; without intelligence; without a balancing power; and often ending the mad race in despair and suicide.

“They seem to discard reason; play the mischief with our emotions; magnify possibilities; evoke voices that are never heard, because they do not exist; and give heartache without perceptible causes.”

“I suppose they have names to correspond with their functions?” asked Mr. Poe, bending a serious look upon the face of his young friend.

“Y-e-s, — many of them have been named in all languages; such as Pneumogastric, Cardiac, and so forth; which you know would indicate some relation, respectively, to the stomach, and the heart; — but what’s in a name, when the pace they drive you is unspeakably hot, and fast, and — ”

“Is one of these nerves called Love, Thistle? ”

“Not exactly, Poe; but by all that is sacred, I am beginning to understand my condition; and that’s what is the matter with me; — I am fallen in love; hopelessly, helplessly, and senselessly, in love. To think of — to be — at such — ”

“I know from experience, Thistle (calm yourself, my boy); I know from experience, I say, that love is a condition of elevated Nervous Prostration; and I offer you my profound sympathy; and I think I am physician enough to prescribe a cure, in your case; and the sooner you seek the remedy, the better for all of us.

“*Go and tell Truly.*”

In the carriage I ride,
 A young wife at my side,
 With a face like the hedge-rose fair;
 And we ramble at will,
 And mine eyes roam still
 To the gems at her girdle there.
 O handsome is she, the eldest Kiang, —
 My handsome *truly*, and debonair.

And when walking I go,
 She is with me, and O,
 Like the hedge-rose blooms her face;
 And in rambling around,
 I can hear the sound
 Of the gems that girdle her grace.
 O, handsome is she, the eldest Kiang, —
 Her good name shall no time efface.

— *Chinese Odes of Ch'ing, B. C.*

THE END.



